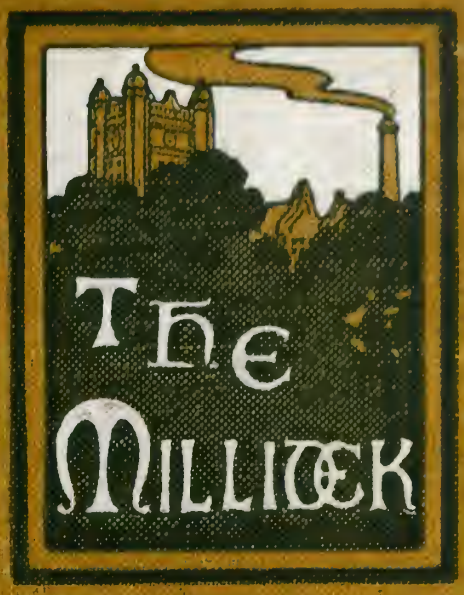

1906

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Errata

Dr. J. O. Rogers. ΘΦ. ΘΔΧ. ΦΣΚ p. 25.

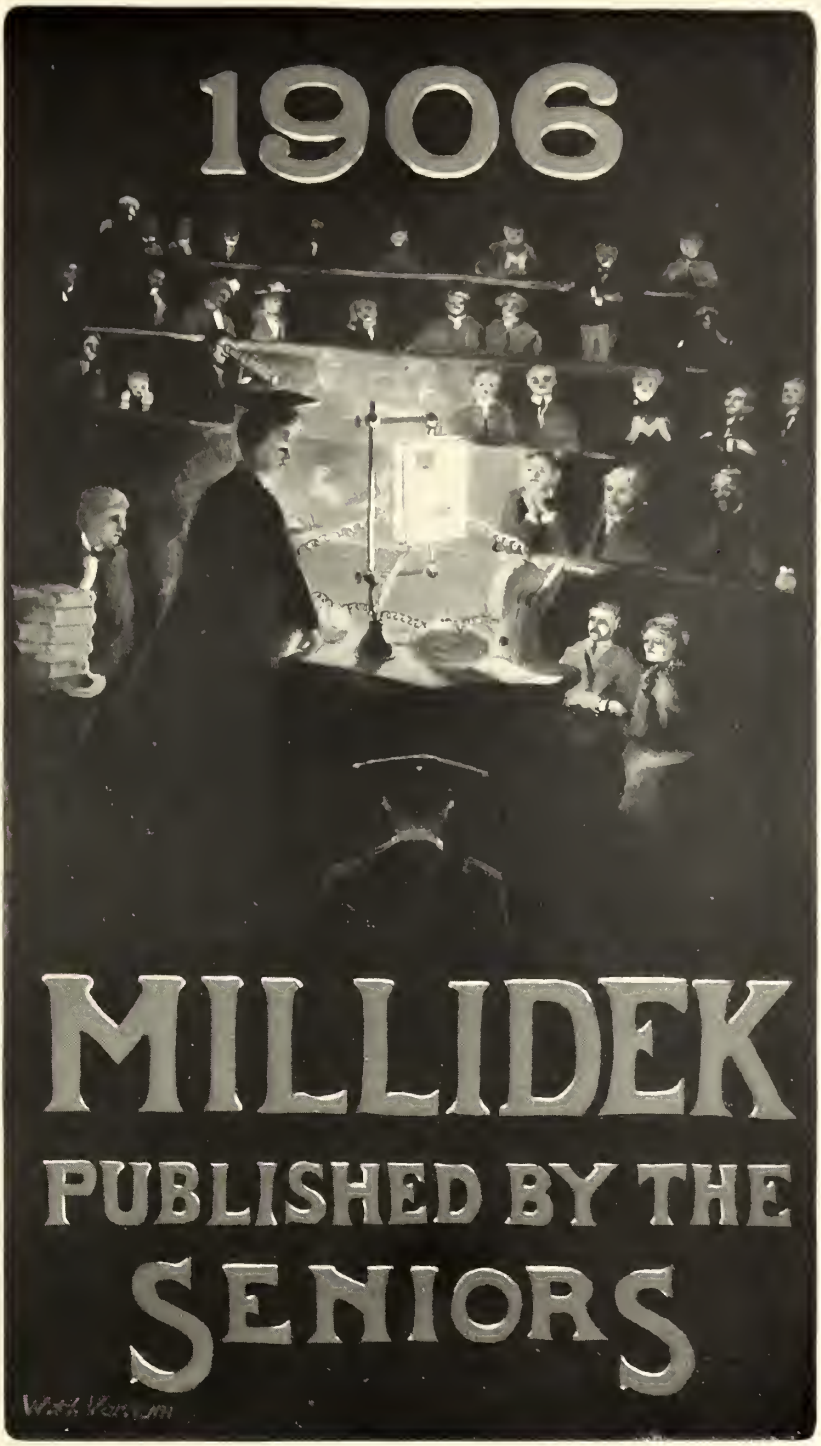
To Mr. and Mrs. James Millikin, the people of Decatur and all others who have been instrumental in establishing and maintaining The James Millikin University, this book is gratefully dedicated by the class of one thousand nine hundred and six.

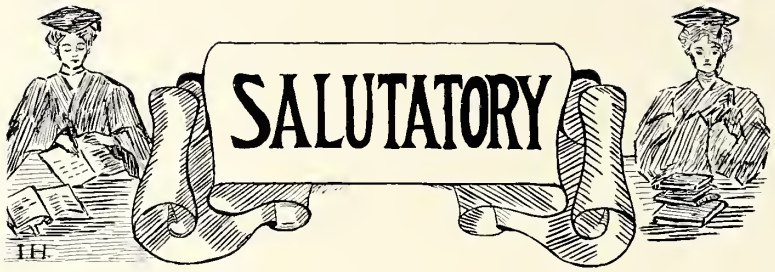
COLORS:

BLUE AND WHITE.

OFFICIAL YELL:

Alla Rah, Alla Rah!
Alla Rah, Rah, Rah!
Yoh Yah, Yoh Yah,
Millikin, Millikin,
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!


1906
MILLIDEK
PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIORS



When the idea of issuing the first college annual was first suggested to the class of naught six, we were afraid to attempt what seemed to us an almost impossible task. However, the members of the faculty and the student body have all united with us in our effort to present the James Millikin University with her first annual, and although it may seem a feeble attempt we hope that all will judge it kindly.

As to the arrangement of the book, a word of explanation is needed. During the past semester of this year, the Senior class became so saturated with psychology that it is consistent with its manner of thinking to arrange the Millidek according to Mr. John Dewey's Psychology.

It has been our desire to give the James Millikin world and those who are interested in it, a knowledge of our interests as a student body. The literary productions, designs, illustrations and general workmanship are in themselves a demonstration of what we can do, and a tribute to those whose names they bear. The appearance of these contributions in the Millidek but partially express our appreciation of them and our gratitude to those who have made an arduous task delightful.

ENGINEERING. LIBERAL ARTS. DOMESTIC ECONOMY

THE JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY

MRS. LYDIA E. PHILLIPS. MRS. EMALINE THORNTON. MRS. ELIZABETH J. STANSBERRY.

The three largest contributors to the institution from the synods. (See Historical Sketch.)

The Officers of the Board of Trustees

W. J. DARBY, President.

W. C. OUTTEN, Vice President.

H. E. STARKEY, Secretary.

S. E. WALKER, Treasurer.

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DON R. LEHMAN ESTELLA ESTHER BRYANT JAS. D. MOSES TRENNA JUNE MILLER ANNE MORRIS BOYD W. R. McGAUGHEY

EDITORS OF THE ANNUAL

Irenna June Miller.
Editor-in-Chief.

Anne Morris Boyd
Art Editor

Estella Esther Bryant
Literary Editor

Jas. D. Moses
Business Mgr.

H. R. McGaughey
Ass't. B. Mgr.

Don R. Lehman
Advertising Mgr.

James Millikin and President Taylor escort President Roosevelt between lines of School children. Dedication of James Millikin University, Decatur, Ill., June 4th, 1903.

A Brief Historical Sketch of the University and of the Decatur College and Industrial School

On May 13, 1900, Mr. James Millikin, an honored citizen and successful business man of Decatur, made a formal proposition to Dr. W. J. Darby, secretary of the Educational Society of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, and Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Decatur, to found an institution of learning in Decatur under the auspices of that denomination. A few days after, the proposition took definite form, in substance as follows: Mr. Millikin offered to donate Oakland Park as a site for the new college and the sum of two hundred thousand dollars in cash, provided the synods of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa of the Cumberland Presbyterian church would raise one hundred thousand dollars and the city of Decatur a similar amount for its support. A few weeks afterward he expressed his determination to contribute a still larger sum for its maintenance which added greatly to the enthusiasm which his original proposition had already aroused.

A College Commission was appointed at the October meetings of the synods named for the purpose of raising the amount required from the church. It organized at Decatur, October 23, 1900. A committee of citizens was appointed to solicit the city's quota which immediately organized and proceeded with its work. On January 1, 1901, Mr. Millikin was notified that his conditions had been met.

The Commission and a Citizens' Committee, after spending much time in negotiating with the Board of Trustees of Lincoln University with reference to a union of the two institutions, agreed upon certain amendments to the charter of the University, which provided that it should change its name to Lincoln College and along with the proposed Decatur College and Industrial School constitute The James Millikin University as the legal successor of Lincoln University; that the Board of Trustees of the University should be appointed by the three synods named, practically in the same manner as the trustees of Lincoln University had been appointed; and that each college should be governed by a local board of managers appointed by the said Board of Trustees, in conjunction with the President of the University. They also defined the rights and privileges of each college and specifically set forth the duties of each board and of the President of the University.

The amended charter went into operation on its adoption April 30, 1901. The members of the first Board of Trustees were as follows: W. J. Darby,

Indiana, president; W. C. Outten, Illinois, vice president; H. E. Starkey, Illinois, secretary; S. E. Walker, Illinois, treasurer; A. C. Boyd, J. T. Foster, E. G. King, A. W. Hawkins, W. T. Moffett, F. E. Bell, R. M. Tinnon, W. S. Phillips, and A. H. Mills, all of Illinois; J. E. Williamson, Indiana; and R. L. Vannice, Iowa.

The new board of managers for the Decatur College and Industrial School organized on June 14, 1901. The membership was as follows: I. R. Mills, president; A. R. Scott, vice president; S. E. Walker, secretary; O. B. Gorin, treasurer; T. T. Roberts, W. J. Wayne, A. R. Montgomery, Peter Loeb, T. A. Powers, J. K. McDavid, C. S. Needham and A. R. Taylor, ex-officio.

On May 1, 1901, an informal tender of the presidency of the University was made to President A. R. Taylor of the Kansas State Normal School. The formal tender was made June 11. With much hesitation he accepted the position and entered upon the discharge of its duties, July 1. In company with Mr. Millikin and Mr. Loeb, chairman of the building committee of the local board, he visited a number of the leading and best equipped institutions of learning in this country for the purpose of studying plans, buildings, and equipments. These gentlemen also conferred with several architects and on the recommendation of the full committee on architects, the board selected Messrs. Patton and Miller of Chicago, Sept. 28, 1901, as architects for the construction of the buildings needed. On October 16, the board definitely located the college in Oakland Park and decided to purchase two tracts of land on the west and north respectively, making a campus of about 35 acres.

After a careful study of the topography of the site, together with a number of styles of architecture, the Elizabethan was selected as the most appropriate for the college buildings.

The general contract for the erection of the three main buildings was let to H. B. Walter of Danville, Ill., on February 10, 1902, for $107,160, the board furnishing the brick for the same. Other contracts were let as follows:

The stone, John Pasold, Decatur, $6,883.

Painting, J. G. McCarthy, Chicago, $2,574.

Cement floors, etc., Fisher & Thimens, Decatur, $2,430.

Heating and plumbing, Decatur Plumbing and Heating Co., $19,924.

Electric wiring, etc., Decatur Supply and Fixture Co., $1,448.

Hardware, Morehouse & Wells Co., Decatur, $1,184.

The brick, Decatur Brick Co., $16,559.43.

On September 29th, the general contract for the erection of the power house and machinery hall was let to B. S. Brooks, Decatur, for $21,626.50, the board furnishing the brick; the contract for the heating system including setting of boilers, engines, etc., to the Decatur Plumbing & Heating Co., for $4,388. The brick, account Decatur Brick Co., cost $3,999.20.

The total cost of the four buildings including the equipment of the power house was about $216,000. Considering their size and character, experienced contractors and builders express great surprise at their low cost, while every one is delighted with their beauty and convenience. The cost of the equipment including furniture, apparatus, machinery, etc., was about $30,000 which has since been increased by about $15,000.

The corner stone of the Liberal Arts building was laid by the Masonic fraternity on June 12, 1902, Grand Master George M. Moulton, officiating. The address was delivered by Dr. W. H. Penhallegon, of Decatur.

Relying upon the promises of the general contractor that the main building would be ready for occupancy in September, 1902, the board announced the opening of the institution at that time, but was later compelled to postpone it until 1903.

The building was dedicated on June 4, 1903, with imposing ceremonies, the dedicatory address being given by President Theodore Roosevelt. Among the other speakers on the program were State Superintendent Schaeffer of Pennsylvania, and representatives of the leading colleges of the state, of the various boards of the church, and of the different interests of the city of Decatur. A vast throng attended these exercises, the occasion being one of great interest to the city and vicinity as well as to many friends from abroad.

The exercises of the opening day, September 15, 1903, were attended by a large company, a most gratifying proportion being prospective students. The organization of the classes showed that students had enrolled in every department in which courses were offered and that every class from the first academic to the junior collegiate had a sufficient number of members to perfect an enthusiastic organization. Even the Senior class contained three prospective candidates for the bachelor's degree. The total enrollment for the first year was 712; for the second year it was 764, representing 23 different states and territories and 163 cities and towns.

The present members of the general board of trustees of the University are as follows: W. J. Darby, president; W. C. Outten, vice president; H. E. Starkey, secretary; S. E. Walker, treasurer; A. C. Boyd, E. G. King, L. D. Beck, W. H. Evans, L. B. Stringer, F. E. Bell, J. E. Williamson, George B. Spitler, J. C. Fisher, A. H. Mills, R. L. Vannice.

The present members of the Board of Managers of the Decatur College and Industrial School are, E. A. Gastman, president; A. R. Montgomery, vice president; S. E. Walker, secretary; O. B. Gorin, treasurer; T. T. Roberts, W. J. Wayne, J. K. McDavid, A. R. Scott, Theron Powers, Adolph Mueller, E. P. Irving, and A. R. Taylor, ex-officio. Honorary members, Mr. and Mrs. James Millikin.

The faculty is listed elsewhere.

College Commission

The College Commission already mentioned was incorporated under the laws of the State and through its wise and untiring efforts has not only raised large sums of money for the institution but has aroused wide-spread interest concerning it throughout the patronizing synods. Dr. W. J. Darby has from the first been its guiding spirit, though heartily seconded by scores of the leading pastors and laymen of the church.

Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Decatur at the time of the original proposition by Mr. Millikin, soon after resigned his pastorate and became the financial agent of the commission. With marvelous energy and a most infectious enthusiasm, he visited a large number of localities and had great satisfaction in seeing the labors of the commission and of the local committee crowned with

victory. In the spring of 1903, his strength failed him and he was compelled to take a vacation. He failed to rally, however, and on December 30, rested from his labors. He was laid away in Greenwood cemetery with honors befitting so useful, so devoted, so lovable a servant of the King. His works do follow him.

Rev. A. H. Kelso, of Alton, Ill., succeeded Mr. Hawkins in the agency of the commission, but after a few weeks' experience in the field accepted the pastorate of the church at Topeka, Kansas. In June, 1903, Dr. W. T. Ferguson of Charleston, Ill., was appointed financial agent. He brought to the position a long experience and a wide acquaintance that enabled him to awaken increased interest in the enterprise and to secure many thousands of dollars for its endowment. In the midst of his great usefulness and when apparently in vigorous health he was suddenly stricken with paralysis and died three days afterward without a word to his friends. He was buried at his old home in Martinsville, Indiana, on Dec. 11th, 1905, with a multitude of devoted friends doing him loving tribute. He was indeed a prince in Israel and a leader among men.

The original members of the commision were: Rev. W. J. Darby, D. D., Indiana, president; Rev. R. M. Tinnon, D. D., Illinois, vice president; Rev. J. W. Laughlin, Illinois, secretary; J. N. Baker, Illinois, treasurer; Rev. A. W. Hawkins, Illinois; Rev. C. W. Yates, Illinois; Rev. A. G. Bergen, Illinois; W. T. Moffett, Illinois; Rev. R. L. Vannice, Iowa; Rev. J. W. Henderson, Iowa.

The following persons constitute the College Commission at the present time: J. K. McDavid, Hillsboro, president; A. G. Bergen, Chicago, secretary; J. N. Baker, Decatur, treasurer; A. R. Scott, Bethany; J. M. Johnston, Petersburg; Samuel Anderson, Taylorville; W. J. Darby, Evansville, Ind.; A. M. Kenney, Broadlands; R. L. Vannice, Waukon, Iowa.

The Contributions to the College

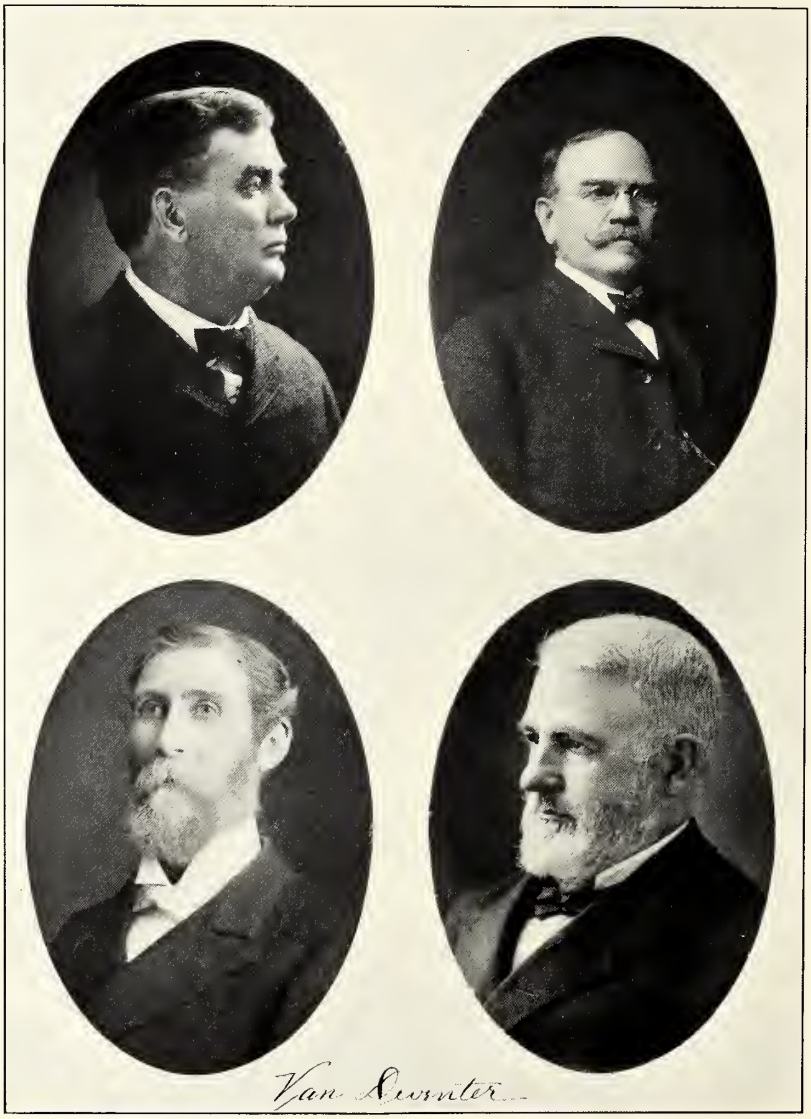
About eight hundred and fifty citizens, firms and organizations in Decatur and vicinity contributed to the first hundred thousand dollars raised at home for the college. One man, the late Honorable Orlando Powers gave ten thousand dollars; four—T. T. Roberts, D. S. Shellabarger, Mrs. Caroline M. Powers and W. H. Ennis, gave five thousand each; one gave $2,140; three $1,500; eighteen $1,000 and twenty-five $500 each.

Probably a still larger number contributed for the church in the synods named. The largest contributor was the late Mrs. E. Thornton, Petersburg, Ind., $20,000; the next was Mrs. E. J. Stansbury, Bloomington, Ill. Others in order were Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips, Danvers, $12,000; Mrs. Sarah E. A. Davidson, Mt. Zion, $7,000; A. R. Scott, Bethany, $5,000. Seven others gave one thousand dollars each.

BOARD OF MANAGERS, DECATUR COLLEGE AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

T. T. Roberts, Adolph Mueller, J. K. McDavid, E. A. Gastman, O. B. Gorin, W. J. Wayne, A. R. Montgomery, E. P. Irving, A. R. Scott, T. A. Powers.

IN MEMORIAM



ISAAC R. MILLS,
President First Board of Managers.

PETER LOEB,
Chairman Building Committee.

REV. A. W. HAWKINS,
Financial Agent, 1901-1903.

W. T. FERGUSON, D. D.,
Financial Agent 1904-1905.

ALBERT REYNOLDS TAYLOR

The President of The James Millikin University was born in a log cabin on a farm in Putnam county, Illinois. His mother was of sturdy Quaker stock and his father a Cumberland Presbyterian. Both were industrious and God-fearing. Farming and the district schools of the later fifties and the war period were the earliest factors in the development of the future educational leader. At this period of his life, Albert Taylor dreamed of future success at the machinist's trade, for which he possessed a natural aptitude, and for some time he gratified his desire for the use

of tools and became an excellent machinist; he still retains great interest in machinery of all kinds.

Leaving the bench and tools of the machine shop, the future administrator entered a store, where he learned the principles of trade and industry and gained a knowledge of men.

In 1864 he enrolled as a student in the Model School of the Illinois State Normal University at Normal. While there he was a member of the class reciting to Professor L. B. Kellogg at the moment the latter was called to meet the Regents of the Kansas State Normal School, to which institution Professor Kellogg was called as the first president. The student could not then forsee that nearly two decades later he would be called to the same position.

Later, he attended Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, for one term, entering Lincoln University at Lincoln, Illinois, the following term, from which he graduated with the class of 1872. On the completion of his course at Lincoln University, he was offered a tutorship which was accepted reluctantly, as he had a desire to study law. The work at Lincoln proved so successful that before the end of the first year, he was offered a full professorship as head of the department of natural sciences, in which he remained until his election to the presidency of the Kansas State Normal School in 1882. The ten years at Lincoln were a period of growth and preparation. Lifelong friendships were made and the home was established.

For nineteen years President Taylor presided over the Kansas State Normal School. He found it with a small building and an attendance of four hundred students; when he left it in 1901, the attendance was over two thousand and the buildings were large and well suited for their use. Six or more years before he resigned the presidency of the State Normal, it had become the largest teachers' training school under state control in the world, and had an international reputation. The graduating classes frequently numbered more than a hundred. To few educators has been given greater opportunity than he had in Kansas, and to few has been given so fine a fruitage.

The demands upon him for lectures were many, and his vacations were largely spent in making lecture tours. Yet he found time to write articles for periodicals, religious and professional, to write books, and to do a multitude of things that seemed almost impossible to one so busy. One of his books, "The Study of the Child," published by D. Appleton Co., belongs to the International Education Series. Over twenty-five thousand copies of this book have been sold. It has been translated into the Japanese and Spanish languages. He has also written the following named books: "The Government of the State and Nation," "Apple Blossoms," "Civil Government in Kansas," "The Church at Work in the Sunday School," "Among Ourselves," being a joint author of the first two named. His great energy, ability, and educational success made President Taylor the leading educator in Kansas.

To resign an assured life position as president of such an institution after all difficulties had been surmounted and the future promised more of ease in the enjoyment of a great work accomplished, was the most momentous and difficult decision President Taylor had ever been called upon to make. Kansas people generally protested against his final decision to

respond to the call of his church and the friends of his youth to return to Illinois to build from the foundation to the tower a modern university. These first five years have amply confirmed the public judgment of his administrative powers. His untiring energy and great zeal are the admiration of all.

The administrative duties of the president of the The James Millikin University are exacting, yet Dr. Taylor finds time to teach ten hours per week, and to lecture extensively throughout the state. Since coming to Illinois, he has served or is serving as president of the following organizations: The State Sunday School Association, The Illinois College Federation, The College Section of the State Teachers' Association, The University Club of Decatur, and The Educational Commission of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. In 1890 Dr. Taylor was president of the National Council of Education, the most important educational body in our country.

President Taylor married Miss Minerva Dent of Wenona, Illinois, who is in entire sympathy with him in his Christian and educational work, and lives in the hearts of his friends as his peer. Their home has always been open to the students, to whom it is an ideal of hospitality and refinement. They have two daughters, Mrs. Allen S. Newman of Emporia, Kansas, and Miss Kittie M. of Decatur, who has been active in University circles.

Doctor Taylor is a man of warm personal attachments. His affections are knit to family, friends, students and his work. All his purposes seem to be formed in the spirit of helpfulness and thoughfulness. To the students he is counselor and confidant, their advisor in difficulties, their helper in every legitimate ambition. Governing without set rules, he appeals to the highest instincts of honor. Severe he can be when severity is needed, but in his severity there is an intuitive sympathy and an abiding hope that acts as an appeal. His faith in the ultimate triumph of the right cannot be shaken. He has often written, "There is no longing of a noble soul that hath not somewhere its satisfaction." When others despair, he hopes and labors on; others may retire in defeat, but he knows how to win a victory from defeat. His pride in the University, its cleanliness, its strength, and its walls of brick and stone, is always strong, but never so marked as is his pride in the clean hearts and pure minds of the young men and women of his flock in whose mental and spiritual development he finds his supremest joy.

—S.

THOMAS W. GALLOWAY, ΣΑΕ

Biology.—Cumberland University, A. B. 1887, A. M. 1889, Ph. D. 1892. Harvard University, A. M. 1890. Natural History Sciences, Baird College, Mo., 1887-1889. Professor Biology, Missouri Valley College, 1889-1902. Dean (ibid.) 1898-1902. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

JAMES B. SHAW, ΣΧ, ΦΒΚ

Mathematics and Civil Engineering.—Purdue University, B. S. 1889, M. S. 1890, D. Sc. 1893. Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Illinois College, 1890-1898. Professor Mathematics, Michigan Military Academy, 1898-1899. Professor Mathematics and Engineering, Kenyon College, 1899-1903. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

CHARLES A. MESERVE,

Chemistry.—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, B. S. 1895. University of Erlangen, Bavaria, Ph. D. 1899. Asistant Sanitary Chemistry, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1895-1896. Instructor in Chemistry and Elementary Science, Pawtucket High School, 1899-1901. Professor of Chemistry and Military Tactics Connecticut State Agricultural College, 1901-1903. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

ALBERT T. MILLS,

History and Political Science.—University of Michigan, Ph. B. 1899. Assistant in Model Department Kansas State Normal School, 1895-1896. Instructor and Professor of History and Civil Government, North Dakota State Agricultural College, 1899-1903. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

JAMES H. GILL, ΣΞ

Mechanical Engineering.—University of Minnesota, B. M. E. 1892, M. E. 1894; Cornell, 1892. Superintendent and Instructor Minnesota University Shops, 1892-1900. Instructor and Professor Mechanical Practice and Engineering, Montana State Agricultural College, 1900-1903. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

JAMES D. ROGERS, ΔΥ, ΟΝΕ,

Ancient Languages.— Utica Academy, 1885. Hamilton College, A. B. 1889. Columbia University, A. M. 1892, Ph. D. 1894. University of Berlin and American School at Athens, 1891-1896. Fellow in Columbia University, 1892-1894. Fellow by courtesy, John Hopkins University, 1896. Principal Booneville, N. Y., Academy, 1889-1892. Lecturer in Greek, Columbia University, 1896-1903. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

HARRIET E. CRANDALL,

English Language and Literature.—Albion Wisconsin Academy, 1890. University of Wisconsin, A. B. 1894, A. M. 1895. University of Chicago Graduate Student, 1899-1903. Teacher Albion Academy, 1895-1898. Fellow in English, University of Chicago, 1901-1903. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

ROBERT J. KELLOGG, ΦΒΚ,

Modern Languages.—Cornell University, A. B. 1891, Ph. D. 1896. Fellow in Comparative Philology, etc.; Teacher of Languages, Cascadilla School, 1891-1893. Ithaca High School, 1895-1896. Instructor in Greek, Colegate Academy, 1896-1897. Professor of Greek, Richmond, Virginia College, 1897-1901. Instructor in Modern Languages, Jones Summer School, 1895-1896 and 1898-1903. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

JAMES E. FULCHER,

Civil Engineering.—University of Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, 1886. Civil Engineer Missouri Pacific, 1886-1887. Civil Engineer Frisco, 1888-1889. Professor Natural Science and Mathematics, Nacogdockes (Tex.) University, 1890-1891. Professor Natural Science and Mathematics McCunes College, Mo., 1891-1896. Civil Engineer Swift & Co., St. Louis and Chicago, 1896-1905. James Millikin University, 1905-1906.

WILLIAM H. JONES,

Manual Training.—Northwestern University, B. S. Indianapolis Public School No. 15, 1903-1904. Indianapolis High School, 1904-1905. James Millikin University, 1905-1906.

WILLIAM H. VARNUM,

Fine and Applied Arts.—Rindge Manual Training School, Cambridge, Mass., 1894. Julienne Studio, Paris, 1901. School of Design, Harvard University, 1902. Massachusetts State Normal Art School 1903. Instructor Freehand and Mechanical Drawing and Designing, Rindge Manual Training School, 1900-1902. Principal Art Department, Cambridge, Y. M. C. A. 1898-1903. Instructor City of Boston Evening Drawing Schools, 1901-1903. Practical Experience in Mechanical Drafting. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

MARY D. CHAMBERS,

Domestic Science.—South Kensington, England, Science and Art, 1881-1883. Pratt Institute Brooklyn, Normal Diploma, 1896-1898. Columbia University, B. S. 1902-1903. Teacher Girls' Technical School, New York City, 1897-1898. Normal Domestic Science, etc., Pratt Institute, 1898-1903. Supervisor Brooklyn Vacation School, 1899-1902. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

M. ELIZABETH COLEGROVE,

Instructor in Modern Languages.—New Windsor College, A. B. 1889. Heydrick Gesangschule, German and Voice. Halander Saale, Germany, 1900-1901. Instructor French, German and Piano, New Windsor College, 1889-1896. Professor French, German and Voice, Darlington Seminary, 1899-1900. Director Conservatory Music and Modern Languages, Hudson River Institute, 1901-1902. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

EUGENE CYRUS WOODRUFF,

Physics and Electric Engineering.—University of Michigan, B. S. 1894, M. S. 1896, Ph. D. 1900. Teacher of Science in High Schools, Ludington, Mich., Chicago, etc. Instructor in Chemistry, Montana State College, 1900-1901. James Millikin University, 1904-1906.

JAMES N. ASHMORE, ΣAE,

Director of Physical Training.—University of Illinois, 1901-1903. Director of Athletics, Washington State College, 1903-1904. James Millikin University, 1904-1906.

Ava D. Steele, ΚΚΓ,

Vocal Expression and Physical Culture.—Missouri Valley College, A. B. 1896; Boston School of Expression, 1897. Missouri State University, A. M. 1899. Instructor Collegiate Training School, Mississippi, 1899-1900. Assistant Physical Culture, Missouri State University, 1900-1901. Principal High School, Larimore, North Dakota, 1902-1903. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

Isabella T. Machan,

Assistant Ancient Languages.—Wellesley College, A. B. 1887. Columbia University, 1902. Wellesley College, A. M. 1905. Teacher Ancient Languages, Franklin School, 1888-1889. Preceptress Hebron Academy, 1889-1898, Ancient Languages and History. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

Helen Crooks,

Domestic Arts.—Diploma of Columbia University, Teachers' College. Technical Training at Trowbridge Textile School, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, 1901-1902. Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, 1902-1903. Lecturer on Textiles and the Domestic Arts in Brooklyn, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston. Director Domestic Art, Northfield Seminary, Mass. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

William Clarence Stevenson,

Commerce and Finance.—Kansas State Normal School, 1889; Chicago University, 1900; University of Virginia, 1901; Columbia University, LL. B. 1902. Instructor in Bookkeeping, Commercial Law and Methods, Kansas State Normal School, 1889-1900. Principal Department of commerce, the Jacob Tome Institute, 1900-1904. James Millikin University, 1904-1906.

Eugenia Allen, ΦΔΨ

Librarian and Instructor in Library Science. — Bloomington, (Ill.) High School, 1897. Library School of the University of Illinois, B. L. S. 1903. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

LUCY W. PENHALLEGON, ΔΘΨ,

Instructor in English.—Western College, A. B. 1903. James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, 1905. James Millikin University, 1904-1906.

CALVERT W. DYER, ΚΣ,

Secretary and Instructor in Typewriting. —Cumberland University, A. B. 1900. Lockyear's Business College, Evansville, Ind., 1902. James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

FELLOWS AND ASSISTANT INSTRUCTORS.

GOLDA MAE ATLAS,

James Millikin University, A. B. 1905; Assistant in German, James Millikin University 1905-1906.

ELLA M. COCKRELL.

Lexington College for Women, A. B. 1903, A. M. 1904. Assistant in History, James Millikin University, 1905-1906.

EDWIN W. DORAN,

Lincoln University—B. S. Grant University, A. M. 1887; Cumberland University, Ph. D. 1890. State Entomologist of Tennessee, 1886-1890. Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, Maryland Agricultural College, 1891-1902. Professor English and Literature, Oklahoma Normal School. President Ozark College and Baird College. Graduate Student University of Illinois. Fellow in Biology, James Millikin University, 1905-1906.

James Harvey Dickey,

Instructor in Mathematics.—University of Illinois, B. S. 1898; Alton High School 1900-1904. State Normal School of South Dakota, 1904-1905. James Millikin University 1905-1906.

Paul H. Finfrock,

Assistant Bookkeeping and Penmanship. —Illinois Wesleyan University, 1880-1884. Gem City Business College, Quincy, Illinois, 1885. Principal of Academy Wilmot, Kan., 1886-1890. Principal of Waynesville Academy, 1890-1892. Principal of Commercial Department and Professor of History in Gates College 1893-1896. Teacher of History and Science, Waynesville Academy, 1898-1904. Teacher of History and Rhetoric and Director of Commercial Department at Austin College, 1904-1905. James Millikin University 1905-1906.

Joseph J. Bransby,

Instructor in Pattern and Foundry Work Cabinet Making, Steel Forging and Mechanical Drawing—Ackworth College, England, 1876-1881. Norwich Art Institute England, 1883-1884. Manchester Technical Institute, England, 1885-1887. Altrincham Technical Institute, England, 1897-1898. Lewis Institute, Chicago, 1902-1903. Instructor in Dr. Pogue's School, Lake Geneva, Wis., summer 1905. James Millikin University, 1904-1906.

Emma Baker,

Lincoln University, B. S. 1900, James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, 1905. Assistant in Drawing, Art Department, James Millikin University, 1905-1906.

Cyrus H. Hoggatt,

Eureka College.—B. Acct. 1903. Assistant Penmanship and Bookkeeping, James Millikin University, 1903-1906.

ADA E. LINDSAY, ΚΚΓ,

James Millikin University, A. B. 1905. Assistant in German, James Millikin University, 1905-1906.

FRANCES C. KIRK,

Decatur (Ill.) High School, 1900. Chicago Art Institute, summer 1904, 1905. Student Assistant in Fine Arts, James Millikin University, 1904-1906.

EDWARD W. RICHMOND,

Manual Training School Washington University, 1903. Student Assistant in Manual Training, James Millikin University, 1904-1906.

GERTRUDE E. DILLEHUNT,

Student Assistant in Domestic Art.—Decatur (Ill.) High School, 1898. James Millikin University, 1904-1906.

A L U M N I

Edward L. King, A. B., '04, B. S. with Pedagogy, '05.

Florence L. Lyon, University of Chicago, A. B. '02. James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, '04.

Robert W. Keaton, Cumberland University, A. B., '02. James Millikin University, B. S., with Pedagogy, '04.

Lucy W. Penhallegon, Western College, A. B., '03. James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, '05.

Emma L. Baker, Lincoln University, B. S. '00. James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, '05.

Ada E. Lindsay, A. B., '05.

Iva M. Still, A. B., '05.

Chas. F. Record, A. B., '05.

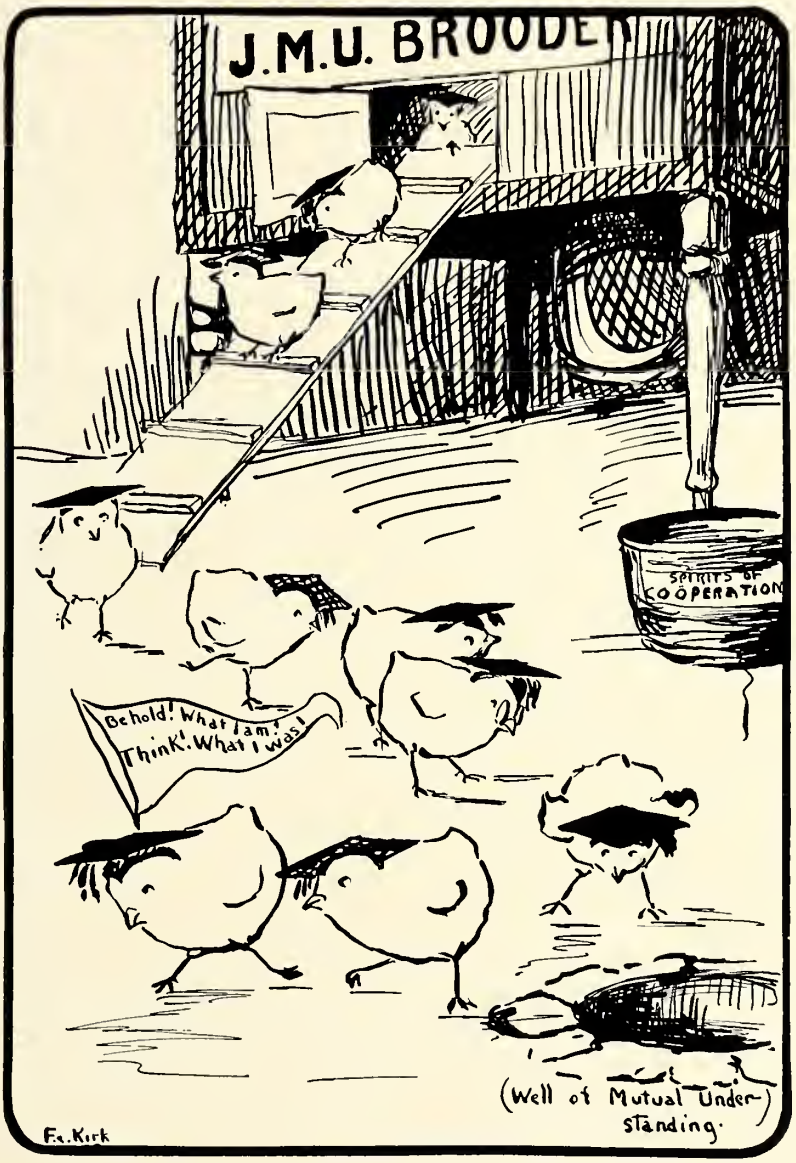
John F. Schudel, A. B., '05.

Alice A. Baker, A. B., '05.

Golda M. Atlass, A. B., '05.

CLASS OF '05

SENIORS


J.M.U. BROODER
SPIRITS OF COOPERATION
Behold! What I am!
Think! What I was!
(Well of Mutual Understanding.
F.E. Kirk

JAMES DAVID MOSES, ΚΑΧ.

Emporia, Kansas.—Commerce and Finance. Emporia High School, 1898. Emporia College, 1902-1903. President Senior Class, President Y. M. C. A., President Comfin Club, Varsity Football Team, 1904-1905. Captain Varsity Baseball Team, 1904-1905. Business Manager Millidek.

ANNE MORRIS BOYD,

Tuscola, Ill.—Literature and Arts with Library Science.—Kentucky State College, 1900-1901. Y. W. C. A., Orlandian Literary Society, English Club, 1904-1905. Vice-President Class of 1906, Art Editor of the Millidek.

WILLIAM RAY MCGAUGHEY, ΚΑΧ.

Mt. Zion, Ill.—Literature and Arts.—Decatur High School, Lincoln University. Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class, Business Manager Decaturian, 1905-1906. Manager Base Ball Team 1905. Captain Baseball Team 1906. Assistant Business Manager Millidek.

TRENNA JUNE MILLER,

Decatur, Ill.—Literature and Arts—Decatur High School '01, University of Illinois, 1901-1903. ΚΑΘ University Orchestra, Editor-in-Chief of Millidek Board.

DON R. LEHMAN,

Decatur, Ill.—Literature and Arts.—Decatur High School, '02, University of Illinois, 1902-1903. President Philomathean Literary Society, Captain of Track Team, 1904-'05-'06. Scrub Footba'l Team, Com-Fin Club, Inter-society Contest. Millidek Advertising Manager.

ESTELLA ESTHER BRYANT,

Decatur, Ill.—Library Course.—Decatur High School, 1901. Y. W. C. A. Intercollegiate Secretary, 1904-1906. Glee Club, 1905-1906. Philomathean Literary Society, 1905-1906. Millidek Board Literary Editor, English Club, Deutscher Verein.

ETHEL MARGARET YANDERS, ΧΣΦ,

Norwalk, Ohio.—Classical Course. Norwalk High School, 1902. Y. W. C. A., Orlandian Literary Society, Vice President and Corresponding Secretary, 1904-1905, Glee Club.

EARLE RUSKIN BRYANT,

Decatur, Ill.—Classical Course, Newman High School, 1898. Lincoln University, 1902-1903. Glee Club Battalion, Y. M. C. A. Pres. Philomathean Literary Society one term.

FLORENCE JONES,

Decatur, Ill.—Classical Course. Decatur High School, 1900. St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill., 1900-1902.

JOHN GEORGE WOZENCRAFT,

Heine, Ark.—Classical Course. Cumberland College, Ark., 1896-1897, 1899-1900. Trinity University, Waxahachie, Texas, Lincoln University, 1902-1903, Lincoln, Ill. Orlandian Literary Society, University Band, Y. M. C. A. Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, 1900-1901.

BELLE UHLER,

Lincoln, Ill.—Classical Course. Lincoln High School, 1901. Lincoln University, 1901-1904. Philomathean Literary Society Vice President, critic and secretary, one term each.

SENIOR HISTORY

It was while the Millidek board was holding one of its regular weekly meetings in the University library, just when we were "busy as cranberry merchants" selecting and arranging material which was to go into the annual, word was received that the party asked to write the Senior History would be unable to deliver the goods on time. For a minute we were all in a flurry as to just what was to be done for a chronicle of the doin's of the dignified mortar-board wearers. The editor-in-chief straightened us out with the announcement that "something must be did at once as copy was already due the printers."

Each member racked his brain trying to get the facts in the case together. After two hours of hard thinkin', each one reported "nothin' doin." "Try it again" said the editor, but the muses were not present; they must have been busy just then with another annual board.

Without the muses present it would be impossible to produce an up-to-snuff and complete history of the 'leven bright and shinin' lights of J. M. U. Thinking that good eatin's might put some of us in the proper mood for such a task, we doused the glim in the library and hiked thru the dark corridors of the Liberal Arts hall, stumbling and falling up stairs to the Domestic Science kitchen.

Immediately on entering the sanctum-sanctorum of Mrs. Chambers, we rigged up a dark lantern with an incandescent light, and a dirty dish-rag which we found riding a clothes horse, while Lehman kindled a fire in the gas range. The girls found the necessaries somewhere and we were soon chattering over the most scrumptuous welsh rarebit that ever was, one which would satisfy the most exacting and prove that the Senior girls were cooks of the first water even if they haven't a diploma from K. M. school.

The Welsh rare-bit was just the thing, for soon each one remembered this and that college event in which we played an important part. Important did I say, yes indeed; for we had cut our wisdom teeth before becoming knowing Sophomores at Millikin and of course knew the ropes, when to holler and when to keep mum. In Lit. society, glee club, orchestra, track team, tennis, base ball and foot ball we have always been represented; which is evidence that we are "some pumpkins" outside of our books, and as to those there is no question at all. Especially do we star in psychology, logic, philosophy and everything else in that line.

The first excitement we experienced after becoming defenders of the Blue and White was on April 15, '04, when we took down the Freshies' colors which the brave lads had attached to the flag-staff on the tower. They will tell you they came out victorious but the facts in the case are

these. Their flag was hauled in and part of it burned to amuse the crowd of students who were watching from the campus below, and some of it was divided among the then Sophmores and is now prized as a memento of the occasion. Later in the day they hung out some more rags, but as it is not customary to fuss over more than one flag a day we paid no attention to it.

It was but a short time after this when a little bird gave us a hunch about the Freshman picnic which was to be held in Fairview Park. We tried to pipe the grub and have a picnic of our own at their expense, but a scream from a Freshman girl who was all eyes, spoiled our plans and we were only permitted to shine our shoes in a few chocolate cakes. For this three fellows enjoyed the extreme pleasure of a Turkish bath administered by several husky and angry Freshmen, and a fourth not needing a bath just at that time took an unexpected trip to town.

Many other interesting and noteworthy events there were which we have neither time nor space to describe, but do want to say in brief that we have tried not to miss anything in the way of side issues and to take our place in all student enterprises.

As to social functions we think we have done the proper thing all the way thru the piece and feel that we have been a howling success with one exception, our reception in December given to the faculty and college classes. The lack of faculty interest and too many stags was the main cause. Permit me to say right here, male members of the Faculty, and college men, "things ought not so to be."

As a fitting close to our work in and for The James Millikin University we leave this the first Millidek to remind you that the Seniors of '06 were a live class.

M I L L I D E K

Jimmy Moses was a Senior,
Trenna Miller, too,
They looked about and racked their brains
For something big to do;
Gathered all their tribe in pow-wow,
Wrought their courage high,
Filled the University
With this, their battle-cry;

Millidek, Millidek!
Seniors busy every hour,
Plotting whom they may devour,
Millidek, Millidek!
Roast 'em, toast 'em, how we've dosed 'em!
Millidek!

Now the band upon the war-path
Mighty prowess boast,
Scalps and tribute they have levied
From the student host;
From the pockets of their victims
Wampum they would wring,
While the Heap Big Senior Sachems
Pass the hat and sing:

Millidek, Millidek!
Seniors busy every hour,
Plotting whom they may devour,
Millidek, Millidek!
Roast 'em, toast 'em, how we've dosed 'em!
Millidek!

C. M. Baker, '08.

THE JUNIOR

FOOTBALL
YWCA
CREDITS
F.R. WEBBER

TO MILLIKIN
I AM WORTHY OF AN "A. B."

'07
Van Deventer

J U N I O R P O E M

In the noble year of 1903
Old Millikin ope'd to you and me;
In the following year of 1904
One lonely Senior left her door.

'Twas very good for the opening year,
But the next was better as does appear,
Of the noble class of 1905
Six as Seniors came out alive.

But sad to think of naughty six,
For some an "if" I must prefix;
Though brains are slow and ponies fast,
Yet ponies are sure to balk at last.

"Poor thing," I thought as I saw you pass,
"You'll have to come back to the Junior class;
Brace up, old boy, we know you're game,
But brains and ponies are not the same!"

But you, real Senior of this year's class,
By strenuous efforts pulled through at last,
Look back next year, you scant eleven,
At the great, grand class of 1907!

This mighty class of pride and power,
Bound to improve the present hour,
Striving for knowledge and for fame
Some dizzy eminence to gain,

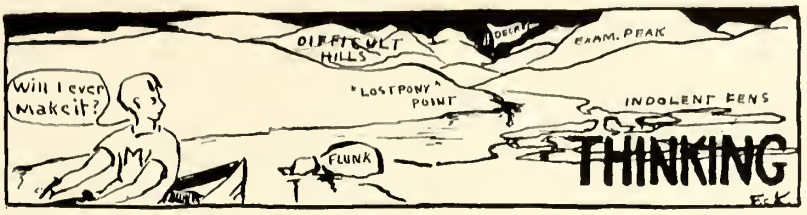
Has poets, actors, debators, writers,
Singers, Artists, athletes, fighters;
While Tony and Tiny smile at fate
And dream of a time when they'll be great.

But Keach and Ida and Ethel and Ray
Hold offices high at the present day,
And Morrow, too, our runner fleet,
In the A. A. holds the highest seat.

And in future days at election time
Who knows what heights of fame we'll climb?
The White House, even, (no idle boast)
May open to one of our brilliant host!

Oh, everything goes that we are in
For we're the life of old Millikin!
So all you people who this way pass
Take off your hats to the Junior Class!

—Ellis Bankson.



JUNIOR HISTORY

Trying to write a history of the Junior Class is like George Ade in Europe; one is so busy seeing sights, they have no time to fulfill their $20,000 contract.

Not that anybody will get $20,000 for writing a history of the Junior Class. They probably won't get "Thank you," and will have to write it over if it doesn't suit.

But it doesn't matter anyway.

The Junior Class speaks for itself. In fact they don't even have to talk at all. They just need to stand up, and let you view 'em, and the rest of the College might yell themselves black in the face, and they'd fade away like the Blue Alsatian Mountains.

Now, there's the Freshmen—pretty fair infants at a gob. One don't hardly know what to call 'em. Most of 'em are so young they haven't been named yet; and there's mighty few of 'em that aren't so fat and plump that you don't want to kiss 'em behind the ears. Life is a game where they're always "it," and if it wasn't for the Juniors going 'round supporting their tottering forms, they'd have looked like that many cold storage plucked chickens, erstwhile for a long time.

But they are swaggers—perfect loves beside the Sophomores. The Sophs try to act like they are as strong as "Arm and Hammer Brand Soda." But they're such knockers, that life isn't worth living if you draw a chapel seat near to one of 'em. They ARE a bit better on the campus in the pure air, but even then you have to dilute 'em—three to one with the Juniors.

They are so bashful, I heard one of 'em say he wished he were like an ant, and could talk with his antennae, but it makes you wonder who you'd be if he had the brass to buttonhole you in love. The President might stand and yell "move on friends," all day, but you couldn't get away from that Sophomore's policeman feet.

And then the Seniors!

They are just so earnest, it hurts. They stay awake nights thinking about the Future, and go automobiling up and down the corridors asking "What is Life," like it was bacon or something, and if you couldn't eat it, you could render it out and soak it in.

They have a fountain pen behind their ear and a note book in their hand, taking "Data" on the times when troubles don't come single but are married and have children.

If they flunk, they smart like a matadore in a Spanish bull fight.

They smack of the Y. M. C. A. and Bible study classes.

They wonder if Gabriel will get on a toot soon enough for them and they have an idea that Cain was justified.

They call it thinking for themselves.

But the Juniors!

They didn't even take Charley Record's Band in the life and death way that most people take it.

To be sure they got sort of pale about the mouth, but they just say "Give me a minute to pull myself together," and come up smiling like nothing had ever happened. They have that much self-control that they can sit around and let Bull Williamson bawl out Mabel Jones and Curly Evans and not tingle in their finger nails to throttle him.

The girls are all heart specialists, and the fellows are all sure true sports.

The Faculty beam like Phoebus morning car or the Gold Dust Twins, when they think of the Junior Class. The President breaks spontaneously into number 102, and the under classmen are that jealous that they go 'round looking cross-eyed like they were condemned to count the dermaticol freckles on the end of their noses for the rest of their days.

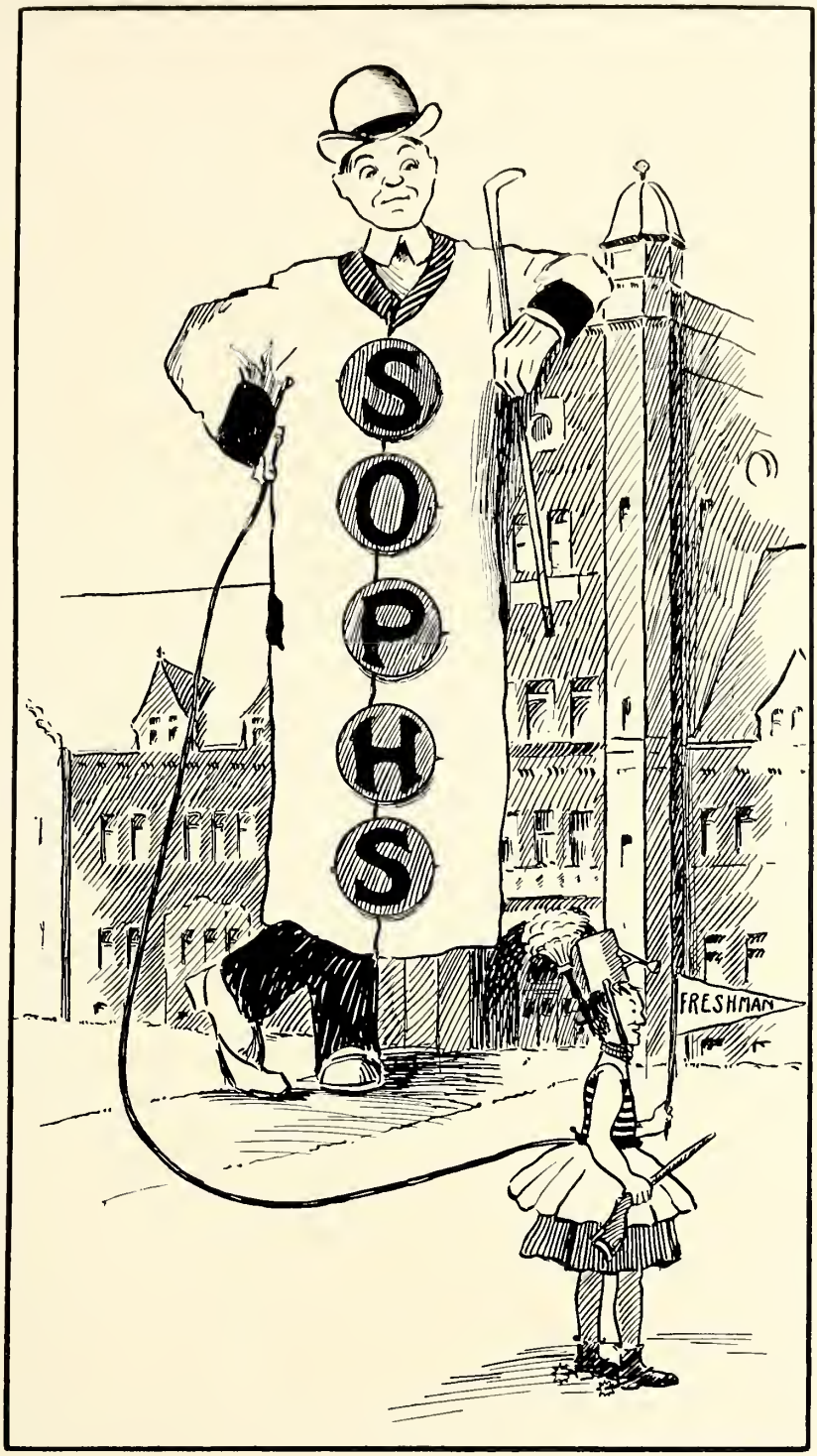
The upper classmen sigh and the Sophs skidoo. Would that I had been gathered long since into the tomb of my fathers!

The whole school just paws the air and stands around yelping for a precipice to jump over, when they think of the Junior Class being so famous that their statues will all adorn drinking fountains in Fairview Park.

But what did you expect?

A Diamond Ring?

—Letha Patterson.


SOPHS
FRESHMAN

1908
QUI E NUCE
NUCLEUM ESSE VULT
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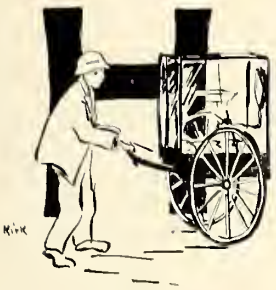
THE POP-CORN MAN



HE STOOD on the corner day after day,
A simple and kindly old man,
His face was lined, his hair was gray,
But he was the pop-corn man.

It mattered not his coat was worn,
With pennies the children ran,
It mattered not his shoes were torn,
For he was the pop-corn man.

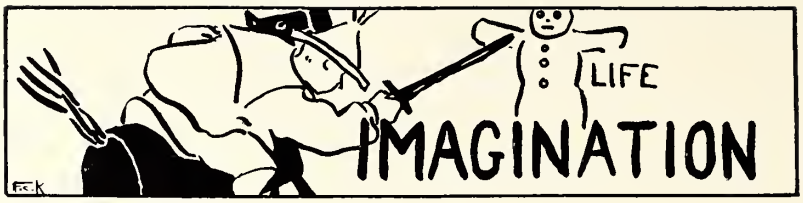
Rain or shine his stand was there,
The butter melted in the can,
The popper ready, the corn prepared,
And patiently waiting, the pop-corn man.

The children thought he'd always been there,
And always would be, too,
They did not see the lines of care,
Nor the snow showing through.

Often his poor old eyes were dim
And his thoughts were far away,
His shoulders were bent and bowing him,
Not long would the corn man stay.

And when he came no more with his corn,
The corner seemed lonesome and bare,
The children's pennies jingled forlorn,
For no corn man was waiting there.

—Lucy Sikking.



SOPHOMORE HISTORY

In a New England churchyard there is a stone which reads:

"Here lies John Meadow
Who passed away like a shadow.

N. B.—His name was really Field."

This was a case of poetic license with more license than poetry. This history will, like the epitaph, have more license than poetry.

About two years ago, a bunch of about the greenest goslins ever turned loose, ventured as far from home as the J. M. U. On their arrival there, they were taken in charge by Doy Romine, who had kindly elected himself protector for his class mates less knowing than he. Piloted by this noble youth, the whole bunch passed safely through the time of registration. Romine then resigned in favor of Dr. Shaw.

It was Dr. Shaw who really organized the class. He it was who influenced by continual cries of "Liberty or Death," called a meeting of the impatient Freshmen. Many were there who haven't attended a class meeting since. But we haven't had such attractions since. Dr. Shaw had the candidates show their paces. My! How Starr Cole strutted before that admiring (?) throng! How Samson chewed his gum and grinned! John Byrne from among the crowded reporters, added his sage advice. It was a wonderful meeting.

The class colors were chosen soon after this and a sample hung out for the inspection of Sophomores and other upper classmen. They didn't any of them seem to like the colors, judging from the attempts made to dislodge them from the smoke stack. There they remained, the pride of all Freshmen and the chargin of all Sophomores.

The Sophs published a little hand bill printed full of golden advice to Freshies. This was further explained in a neat little talk by Dr. Taylor. There commenced shortly, a series of attempts at hazing which I will not dwell upon. But hair cuts, duckings, doses of quinine were common matters for a time. But we all came out alive and with most of our remains.

When we came back for our second year we felt "awful" big. We just thought that the Freshies on looking at us must feel like the Georgia negro who was seen carrying an armful of books. Some one asked: "Do you study all those books?" "No sar," said the negro, "dey's my brudder's. Ise a ignorance kind er nigger side him, boss. He done gone cyphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, creation, amputation and adoption."

Whether the Freshies thought it or not, we were very sure we were the "brudder," but that feeling slowly wore away.

We started in to help the Freshies as we had been helped. Our kind advice was printed in proper form and pasted around in prominent places. The Freshies did a little fine art work which we found necessary to change. Once we even had to send some of them home. But we have been patient and long suffering, forgiving their little weaknesses.

But we have been real decent this year. A Sophomore took the Brown prize and two of the members of the debating team are Sophomores. Of course, we will not attempt to explain how this happened since nobody but Sophomores could understand it. But it is done now, and can't be helped.

Nothing will be said of what we might do in the next two years. We might not do anything, but what we will do remains to be seen. I wouldn't attempt to say what we will do for fear of missing it so far.

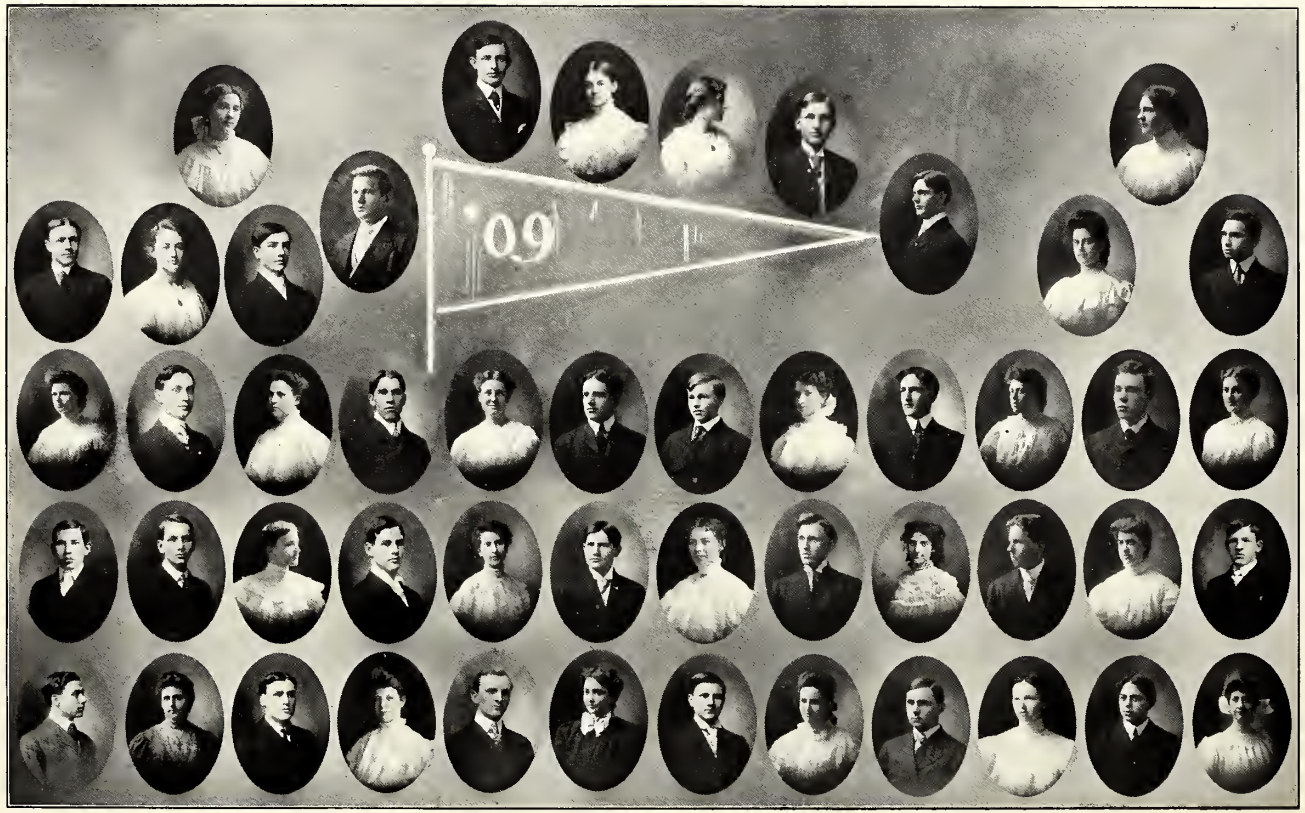
Please do with this history as the uneducated preacher advised his flock to do with his sermon. His text was, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet." But he pronounced it "hen's feet"and remarked, "you should not try to eat everything the preacher says, but scratch it over and pick out what is good." —Arthur VanCleve.

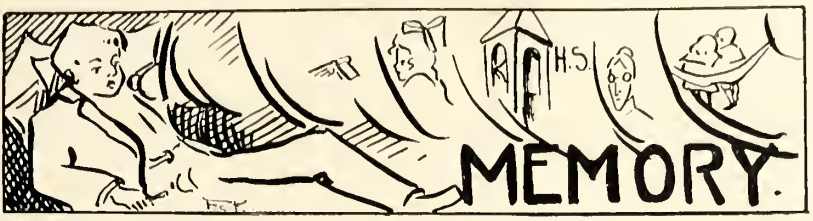
SOPHOMORE CLASS YELL.

Ka zip, Ka zam, Ka za, Ka zoo,
We're the Sophomores.
Who are you?

POWER PLANT.

THE FRESHMAN


'09



FRESHMAN HISTORY

"Good wine needs no bush," but still there may be a few who have never heard of our Freshman class which has so lately left Prepdom and put away Preppy things, it may be well to present these workers of the school, and the pride of the Faculty's heart. Indeed such a grand institution as our J. M. U. counts it luck to have such a class to acknowledge. For certainly they have reason to be proud of our number, eighty-seven, the largest Freshman class known in our Alma Mater's short history. But not of this alone, think of our character and our record! All the professors will tell you how we avoided all appearances of evil, and hold in utter contempt those wee bits of paper containing History and Chemistry in a nutshell, although we are terribly afraid of incompletes, cons, and flunks. Really our dear teachers are beginning to feel that this year, for the first time, they have not cast their pearls before swine. Grant it not a lack of modesty when we say that custom alone compelled us to be Freshmen. For we would have you know that we do not and never have worn that virdent hue that characterized our predecessors. Moreover from the first we have considered that it is deeds, not words that count in a University, and with such an aim we set out on our path to glory. Certainly our mental excellence has never been surpassed; for we are realizing our extraordinary capabilities and magnificent opportunities.

That we are taking advantage of them, our interest in the various organizations will show. What spirit there is always exhibited in all our school meetings! How bravely our girls wore the purple and white a few months ago when the childish Sophomores sought trouble with our boys, and spent the midnight hours posting their stale advice on our walks and doors! Who can dispute the vigor of our lungs or our gymnastic powers at the games? Here our hearts are knit together for common ends and common colors. Not only in athletics do we make ourselves known but in the Glee Clubs and Orchestra, where our rare talent is displayed. Then the Y. M. and the Y. W. C. A. form no small features in our college life. We have become the very soul of the literary societies and debating club.

So in all these fields which the University offers we are either achieving greatness or having greatness thrust upon us. It only remains to be seen what our sturdy devotion to duty will some day bring to us, the class of 1909, when we shall look back with fond recollections upon our noble Freshman days.

Lucile Bragg.

FRESHMAN POEM

HILE the pig-nuts struck the campus
Scarce a nine-month year ago,
We, the sturdy nineteen-niners,
Moved up in the college row.

We were big and grand and bulky;
We were nearly four-score strong;
And we clustered in the lobbies
Fearful lest we do some wrong.

We were lonely, yes and homesick
As we heard with growing awe
What each learned doctor told us
Of the fundamental law.

'Twas a day of dreams and fancies;
Yestern seemed a day of yore,
And we looked out in the future,
Further than we dared before.

Our paths seemed like streets of heaven,
For a month or week that way,
Then the gold was turned to asphalt;
'Twas again plain Every-day.

And we studied—How we studied!
While the teacher closed the door.
And, on two or three occasions,
Some one studied some before.

Then while problems trig'nometrie
Would go angling through the head,
We would talk so much like Shakespeare;
People thought us centuries dead.

And Meserve would oft beguile us
Analysing—Say, 'twas fun!—
Aqua regia, aqua fortis,
And our aqua Sangamon.

Now a word in peroration
And a short word it shall be,
Whether we are staid old farmers
Or are pageants, all can see.

In the days which are the future,
To those days we will be true,
When we waived the white and purple
And the college white and blue.

Months have passed since that first morning;
Let us pause; 'tis not too late,
While for us, some goodly brethren,
Copious tears precipitate.

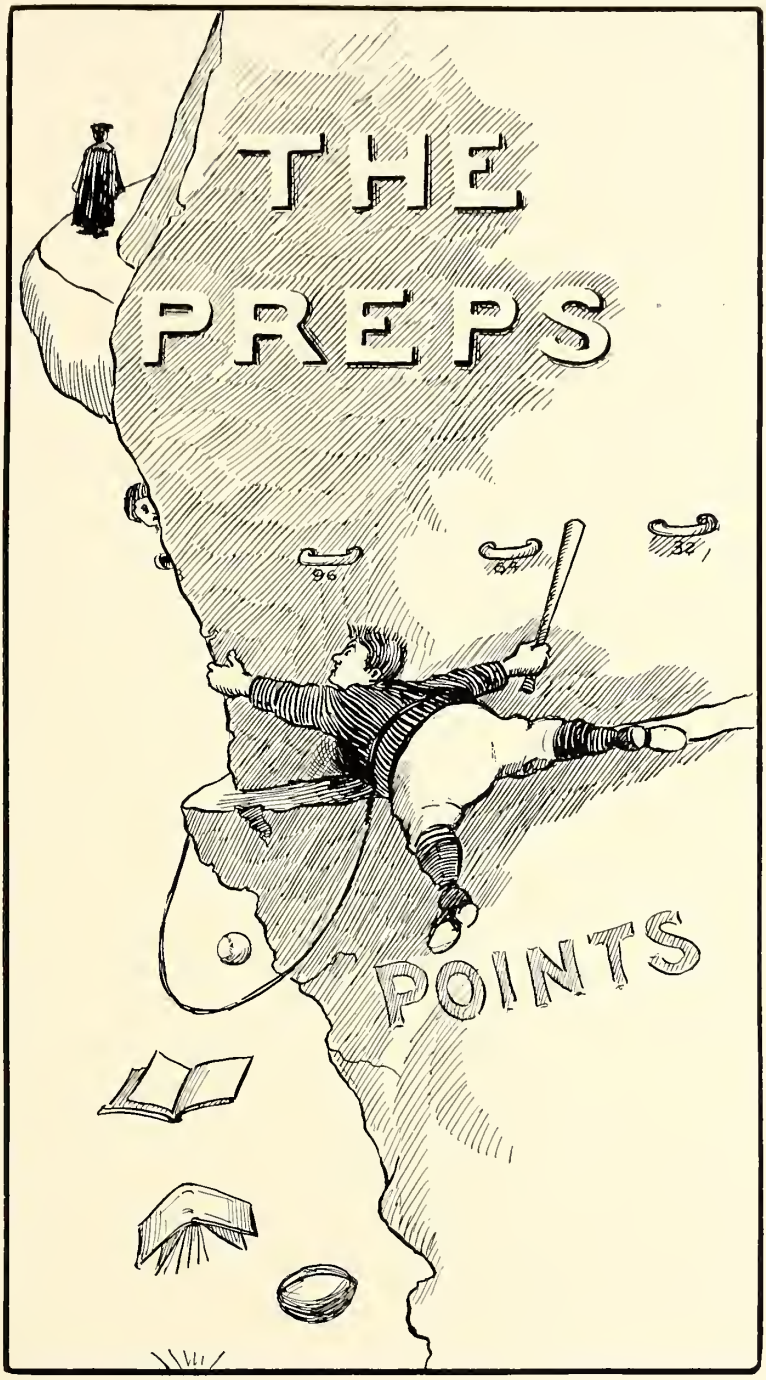
For our duties, while we did them
In a decent sort of way;
Seemed no more an aspiration,
But like folks, you have to pay.

Yet, I'm sure that few will blame us,
When we start a scant bit wrong;
As says Bobby, we are human;
One must be a saint so long.

Tho' we danced with College Nancy,
We forgot not Village Nan,
When the charmer fancied better
Some more husky-throated man.

And we always wrote to papa,
When the hash account fell due,
And when doubting his deception,
Sometimes wrote to mother too.

William Banfill.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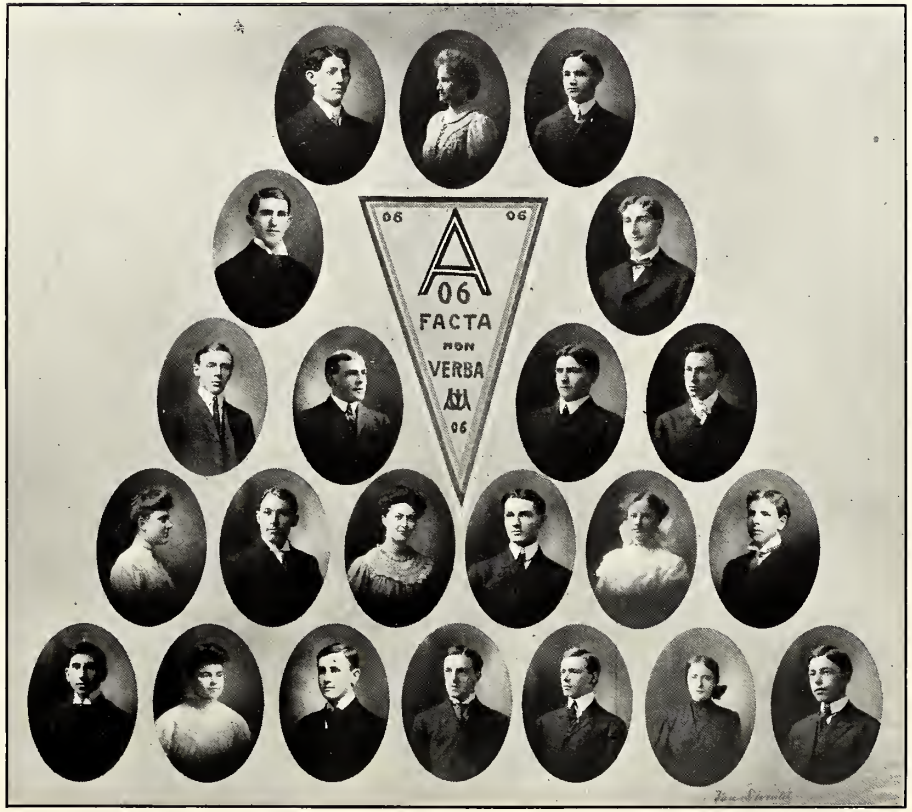
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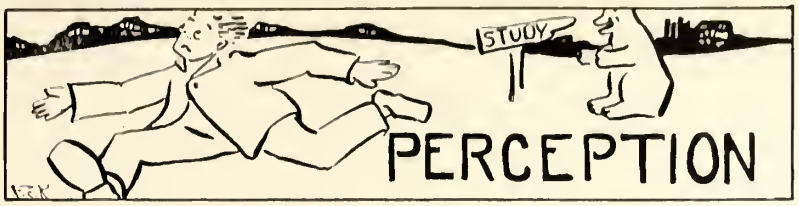


On a Certain Condecension in College Students

The original purpose of this is to note down the infirmities of college students and console us as preparatory students for those superior pleasures which they tell us we have not as yet experienced.

Perhaps what oftenest offends us in their presence is that they carry this love for their class and their self esteem so ostentatiously, they perk it up in our faces so shamelessly that we cannot be with them a moment without being made to feel by some indirect hint or open avowal that we have not reached their high plain.

Nothing is more distasteful than that entire complacency and self approbation which beams in the countenance of a Freshman on his matriculation day. It tells us that he has reached the head of the ladder; he has trodden where few mortals shall tread. The excessive airs which these people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us, Preps, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries of their own craft better than we but their arrogance is not content with these limits. If a Prep should presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as incompetent. Nay, a young Freshman of our acquaintance, who the best of the jest was, had not changed his condition above a week before, in a question on which a Prep had the misfortune to differ from him concerning the most proper mode of boiling eggs, had the assurance to ask with a sneer how such a Prep as he should know about such things. They seem to think that anyone who cares not for their wishes nor cares whether the Freshmen colors come down, are foolish and not to be considered. Yet nevertheless they expect us to buy their Millidek and deliver the golden egg for their cackle.

"Human?" asks the Soph while the analyzing Junior holds the struggling Prep between his thumb and first finger over the labratory table.

"Yes," he answers, "all the elements are here but in remarkable and unprecidented qualities."

"Civilized?" "H'm, that question will necessitate a reconsideration."

Shades of Shakespeare, hath not a Prep hands? Hath not a Prep eyes, organs, dimensions, senses, affection, even as a Senior hath? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh?

Some day when the Fourth Year Academy has become a Senior and the First Year has become a Freshman, and the present Seniors and Freshmen come back to the halls of the University again, they will find that we do have eyes, organs, dimensions, and that we are making better use of them than they did of their's.

So let them treat us as human beings, not Preps; as youths, not infants. Let them not shake the rattle at us and say:

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candle stick."

Let them remember that we are in the academy and it is in us, and that it is not to us as to them a mere object of fatherly regard or external interest. We know of several persons who think the James Millikin Academy the best body of students on the habitable globe. "God could have made a better, but doubtless he never did."

—E. H. Hudson.

DREAM OF AN ACADEMY STUDENT

When a man becomes a Freshman
He has a horrible time,
He's maltreated by the Sophomores
And life is not sublime.

When walking on the streets at night,
Soph's he meets and him they sieze;
He is taken to his sweetheart's house
And her he is made to squeeze.

The next course of indignity
Which he is forced to bear,
Is a trip across to "Bill's" barber shop
And the clipping of his hair.

Another thing which sometimes makes
The green young Freshman bawl
Is to dump him in the muddy creek
Behind Machinery hall.

Each fall is the "Freshie" derided
By "procs" which are wondrous bold.
"He's a calf," "a pig" and "as green as grass"
Are some of the things he is told.

Each year before "preps" graduate,
They tell what they will do
When they have become Freshmen,
They'll lick the Sophomores too.

But each year it is the same old story
Though they swear to have vengeance sore,
They share the fate of thousands
Who have gone before.

—Milton Sturm.

ASSOCIATIONS

Y. M. C. A.

Bryant Bone McDavid Humphrey Moses Baird Oliphant Wozencraft

Officers:

President, Jas. D. Moses.

Vice President, Ray Oliphant.

Secretary, Harry Humphrey.

Treasurer, D. E. Baird.

Chairmen of Committees:

Bible Study, Keach Bone.

Missionary, E. R. Bryant.

Religious Meetings, J. G. Wozencraft.

Membership, H. W. McDavid.

Finance, D. E. Baird.

Y. W. C. A. OFFICERS

Poor Bumgarner Anderson Bone Bryant
Bumgarner Baker Payne Still

President, Mary L. Poor.

Vice President, Alice A. Baker.

Secretary, M. Ethel Bumgarner.

Treasurer, Daisy V. Payne.

Chairmen of Committees:

Religious, Isabelle Bumgarner.

Missionary, Iva Still.

Finance, Daisy V. Payne.

Social, Erma Anderson.

Intercollegiate, Estella Bryant.

Housekeeping, Alice A. Bone.

Hallucinations or unconscious cerebrations at the Senior Reception, Dec. 16, 1905.

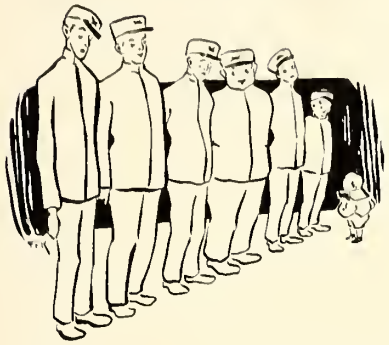
PROF. VARNUM

PROF. JONES

DR. RODGERS

MR. ASHMORE

The James Millikin University Battalion



BATTALION ORGANIZATION

Major William C. Stevenson, Commandant.

Captain Charles A. Meserve, Adjutant.

1st Lieutenant Eugene C. Woodruff, Staff Officer.

Sergeant Eugene S. Cole, Sergeant Major.

Sergeant Everett L. Dickey, Color Sergeant.

Sergeant Charles Record, Chief Musician.

Sergeant Norman J. Sansom, Principal Musician.

Sergeant John W. Duvall, Quartermaster.

A COMPANY.		B COMPANY.
Arthur A. Woodward	Captain	Wathen Hamilton
Laurence W. Rundell	1st Lieutenant	Hiram M. Shumway
	2nd Lieutenant	Fritz Washburn
Ralph Jones	1st Sergeant	J. Arthur Moore
Frank F. Sheffler	2nd Sergeant	Chas. W. F. King
Charles Post	3rd Sergeant	Earl O. Weatherford
Charles B. Padon	4th Sergeant	Haworth L. Brueck

FIRST LIEUT. RUNDELL

CAPTAIN KAEUPER — FIRST LIEUT. WOODRUFF

MAJOR STEVENSON — CAPT. MESERVE

SERGEANT BRUECK — COLOR SERGT. DICKEY

CHIEF MUSICIAN, RECORD — FIRST LIEUT. SHUMWAY

THE J. M. U. BATTALION AT DRESS PARADE

CHAPTER II. FEELING SENSUOUS

K. M. CLUB

"RES CULINARIAE"

I.

Oh, we are seven jolly girls
Who go to J. M. U.
And dearly love the cooking-class
In Dietetics II.
We speculate through all the week
What dish will be our fate;
We cannot sleep o' Friday nights
For dread of being late;
What quaking ignorance we mask
With show of skilful ease
When in the kitchen we attack
"Selected recipes!"

II.

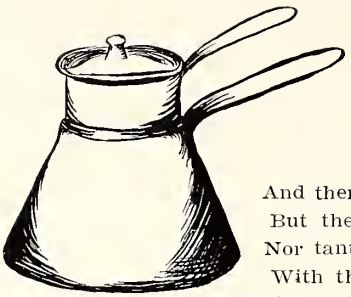
For Grace is straining gelatine,
And Hallie mixing cake,
While careful Nola puts a pie
Into the stove to bake;
And Helen's making pudding
In colored layers three,
And Clara fries peculiar doughnuts
Flat as flat can be;
While Edna sifts tomatoes
With bored and weary air,
And Lilah eyes a monstrous trout
In tragical despair.

III.

The kitchen has its mysteries
As we have come to know;
Why weren't those souffles turned out?
Where DID that whipped cream go?
What happened to those spinach nests,
Symmetrical and rare?
And why did Lilah go about
With fish-scales in her hair?
What gave to Helen's chocolate pie
Such rich and soapy taste?
Who threw, with murderous intent,
Those bullets of puff-paste?

IV.

'Tis great to see us hurry
As the hour of ten draws nigh;
With marvelous alacrity
Our tongues and dish-towls fly;
The wonders wrought between two bells
Surpass all common ken,
Such direful penalty we pay
If we're not through at ten!
And when at last our toil is done
We feel so praised and glad
If Mrs. Chambers, quite amazed,
Says, "Really, that's not bad!"



V.

And then, the feast at dinner-time!
But there I drew the veil,
Nor tantalize the hungry wretch
With that delicious tale.
Suffice to say, we eat our fill,
Sometimes a little more!
And sounds of revelry are heard
Outside the kitchen door!
Lucky are they who chance to be
The first that we may find
When we go out to gather in
The halt and lame and blind!

VI.

We're used to popularity,
We know that we are "It,"
But there's a thing that puzzles us
In spite of all our wit;
What makes the boys so nice to us?
We truly long to know;
It's queer that just on Saturdays
They seem to like us so,
Especially at twelve o'clock!
We're really quite perplexed.
Won't someone have the charity
To come and put us "next?"

—Clara Baker, '08

CAMPUS CLUB.

President, Mabel Jones

Vice President, "Curly" Evans

MEMBERS.

George Ewing

Elsa Olson

Lulu DeGroat

Macy Hamilton

Dr. Meserve (SPIKED)

Prof. Stevenson (SPIKED)

Eula McCown

Lester Barry

Ella Cockrell

Sam Powers

LOAFERS' CLUB.

President, J. B. Williamson

Vice President, Lora Kinsman

Sec'y and Treas., Eloise Crea

First Chief Loafer, Jesse Corzine

MEMBERS.

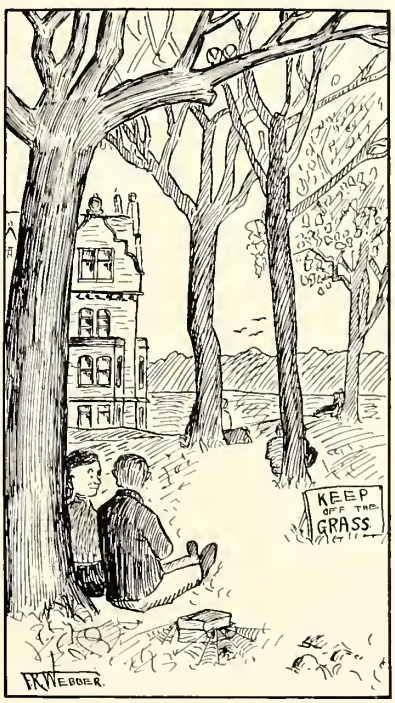
Carelton Mattes

Mae Badenhausen

Bessie Kirk

Jessie Montgomery

Fred Webber (to be voted on next meeting).



DRAMATIC ART CLUB

OFFICERS.

President,	Harry N. Humphrey
Secretary,	Dwight E. Young
Treasurer,	Edgar D. Morrow
Stage Manager,	Charles F. Record

MEMBERS.

Edgar D. Morrow	Forrest File
Dwight E. Young	E. Starr Cole
Charles F. Record	Letha B. Patterson
Horace W. McDavid	LaRue Neisler
Harry N. Humphrey	Georgia M. Allison

"THE RIVALS"

Presented by

THE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC CLUB

Under direction of

PROFESSOR AVA D. STEELE

College Auditorium, . February 1, 1904

CAST.

Captain Absolute	Forrest File
Bob Acres	Harry N. Humphrey
Faulkland	Edgar D. Morrow
Sir Anthony Absolute	Dwight E. Young
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Charles F. Record
David	E. Starr Cole
Fag	Frank Sheffler
Boy	Ellis Hudson
Mrs. Malaprop	LaRue Neisler
Lydia Languish	Miss Letha Patterson
Julia	Daisy V. Payne
Lucy	Georgia M. Allison

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Dramatis Personae.

Sir Charles Marlow	Mr. Dwight Young
Young Marlow (his son)	Mr. Edgar Morrow
Hardcastle	Mr. Chas. Record
Hastings	Mr. Horace McDavid
Tony Lumpkin	Mr. Harry Humphrey
Mrs. Hardcastle	Miss Florence Tyler
Miss Hardcastle	Miss Letha Patterson
Miss Neville	Miss Bettina Garwick
Maid	Miss Judith Mills
Landlord	Mr. Ray Oliphant
Servants	Mr. Forrest File,

Thomas Hollis, A. O. Magill, E. R. Bryant.

ACT I—Scene 1, A room in Hardcastle's house; Scene 2, The Three Pigeons' Inn.

ACT II—A Room in Hardcastle's House.

ACT III—Same.

ACT IV—Same.

ACT V—Scene 1, Same; Scene 2, Back of Garden; Scene 3, Return to Hardcastle's House.

PLAYS PRESENTED 1903-1906

"She Stoops to Conquer"

"Mid-Summer Night's Dream"

"The Land of Heart's Desire."

"Mr. Bob."

"The Rivals."

"A Night Off, or A Page from Balzac."

INTELLECTUAL FEELING

FIRST PRIZE STORY

In Original Story and Debate Contest.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE

The June sunlight poured through the great oakes outside, and checkered the gray benches and rough floor with patches of warm gold. The air was heavy with the odor of violets and shy wood flowers; a drowsy sound of bees came through the open windows; a butterfly tilted lazily on the door-sill in the sunlight. Peace rested over the little, white meeting-house in its quiet nook among the woods and hills.

It was First-day morning; the Friends had already gathered in meeting. The room was divided midway by a low partition, on the right sat the men dressed in coarse brown; on the left, the women with gray silk bonnets, and soft spotless kerchiefs. In the raised seat which faced the body of the house sat the elders and approved ministers. There were no Bibles, no hymn-books, no choir, save the invisible one without of Nature's furnishing, no ministers, save as these devout men and women, inspired by the Spirit, voiced Its divine commands.

The first half hour passed in silent communion; then a sweet-faced Quakeress arose, and, removing her bonnet, knelt in prayer, bowing her head with its soft white cap upon the bench before her. Her voice had a peculiar chanting cadence, rising and falling rythmically. The language was strikingly simple and earnest. When she had finished she quietly resumed her seat and once more the holy hush prevaded the room; the people sat motionless, a rapt expression on their faces.

Then slowly Benjamin Brant began to speak. His words low and fervent, seemed not to interrupt the silence, but to voice it. His face, spiritual to a high degree, was slightly upraised. He spoke with a gentle, quiet manner, urging the Friends in these troublous times to live close, very close to the Spirit; to pray without ceasing for the speedy return of peace, exhorting them to beware of the sinfulness of war, for conscience's sake.

Then suddenly he raised his voice in an earnest, fervent prayer—sincere, passionate, and singularly moving. As he took his seat his head was devoutly bowed.

After a few moments more of silence, Benjamin Brant turned to Friend Samuel Aldon and greeted him with a grave quiet hand shake. Meeting was over, and with a little stir and murmur, the men and women shook hands and arose.

They paused in the little clearing outside the door, exchanging kindly greetings, then separated in little groups. Benjamin Brant, with his family and other Friends, followed the old worm fence which skirted the little burying ground, and turned into the beaten path through the woods. He was talking quietly to Friend Samuel Aldon. "It is, indeed a question, near my heart, Friend Samuel. I have had a great visitation of the Spirit since we spoke of it at meeting last Fourth-day. Thy words touched me greatly. If aught of this war and this drafting of men should come to any of our Society, it would be a great affliction. 'Twould require much faith to feel that God was dealing justly."

Samuel Aldon shook his white head gravely; under his broad-brimmed hat his face was calm and beautiful. "It wauld be, as thee says, a great affliction. The shadows of war have drawn nigh even to our quiet dwellings. May it prove but a shadow and pass on! Those who feel it not within their hearts to refuse for conscience sake may hire substitutes. Surely none will so far wander from the dictates of truth as to do otherwise."

Benjamin Brant sighed heavily. For two years the murmurs and echoes of war had reached them. But no Friend took up arms; deeply opposed to war of any kind, they were doubly opposed to civil war.

Late Fourth-day afternoon Benjamin Brant sat with his family on the cool, wide porch, Elizabeth on a low stool at his feet, resting her head against his knee, her mother near, her hands folded quietly above her Bible. Elias sat on the porch step, and in the silence he grew restless. At last he broke out with a tense, nervous voice. "Father, I think thee has already guessed what I wish to say. More troops are wanted;I am going to enlist. I know how thee feels about it. But I cannot see it otherwise. I must go!" The boy, raising impulsively, had come quite close to his father's chair, looking eagerly into the averted face.

There was no answer. In the heavy silence Elizabeth ran to her mother and sobbed aloud. The gentle Quakeress made no sound, but stroked the girl's head slowly, with cold, trembling hands. The woodbine leaves cast wierd, dancing shadows on the porch floor; a tiny wren peeped from its nest under the eaves and burst into an ecstacy of song. Benjamin Brant rose, breathing heavily. He faced his son with a stern, angry look; and slowly laid his hand upon the young shoulder.

"My son!" There was a world of reproach and bitterness in his choked voice. His hand fell from the boy's arm, and turning quickly, he went

within the house. The little mother rose abruptly and followed him. Elizabeth sat looking at her brother with frightened eyes. His face was stern and pale. "Elizabeth," he said sorrowfully, "They do not understand. To wait will only make it harder. I am going now. Tell them goodbye, Elizabeth, take them this letter, and tell them I am a Quaker." The boy's eyes filled with tears. He held the sobbing girl close for an instant, and was gone down the path.

It had been even harder than he had expected. But he could not think of the war as they did; he, too; must follow the leading of his conscience. He sighed heavily and quickened his pace.

The foot-path turned into the clearing; the evening light touched the little meeting-house softly. The sun was low now—so low that beyond the clearing only the upper slopes were in the light, while the shadows lay deep and thick along their bases, and in the little ravines.

He leaned against the old worm fence and rested. The crooked rails were overrun with a tangle of grape and woodbine. It felt cool and yielded softly under his weight. Propping his elbows on the top rail, he watched the light shift on the slopes, and the shadows lengthen in the ravines; the crickets had begun to chirp; far off, faintly and more faintly, he heard the sheep bells tinkling away toward home. Owls began to hoot in the woods on either side; one, two, three, long querulous moans rose from the gloomy mass of shadows. He shivered and turned his eyes away from the woods. The mellow light lay like a mist of gold over the graveyard. The low headstones, marked only with the simple initial letters, gleemed white against the rich green of the myrtle which ran riotously over the graves. His eyes were fixed upon his grandfather's stone beneath the great pine tree. "E. B."—Elias Brant; he had been named for him. What would grandfather have said, that stern old Quaker? It was a strange thought; he could not withdraw his eyes from the white headstone. An owl hooted directly above his head. He sprang, startled from the spot, then drew a long breath and laughed shortly. The spell was broken. He turned and walked rapidly toward the road. Tomorrow morning he would be enlisted. Tomorrow he would be a volunteer.

The morning dawned clear and beautiful on Elias Brant, volunteer in the 63rd Ohio Infantry, and the same sun smiled with mocking gladsomeness upon Benjamin and Sarah Brant, Quaker and Quakeress, heartbroken over their only son. But life went on much as it had. They seldom talked of him; Elizabeth and the mother answered his letters, but Benjamin never spoke of him, never wrote to him. His face wore ever that proud, stern look which Elizabeth had noticed in meeting on that sad First-day after Elias had gone.

The long summer days grew shorter and ripened into the gold and crimson glory of autumn. The woodland path was gay with sumac and bright colored leaves. The berries of the woodbine on the porch turned to purple and the leaves to scarlet. How much Elizabeth missed him! She still wrote the weekly letters, but she no longer spoke of their loneli-

ness. He had told her angrily that he was no deserter; that it was useless to speak of coming home.

So the autumn dragged slowly into winter. Each First-day morning they wound through the snowy woods to the sheltering meeting-house. But never, since that June morning so long ago, had Benjamin Brant spoken in meeting, and no one dared mention Elias to the stern old man.

Winter passed. The saintly face of the mother had grown pale and delicate. She spoke more seldom of her lost son, as she now called him. The wood flowers, blooming to the very edges of the path, awakened little interest, even Elizabeth gathered them and brought them to her. "Yes," she would say, "Thee loves them, doesn't thee? Ah, well, I love them too, they were blooming just so when he left us—violets and little wild flowers." And smiling sadly she would kiss away Elizabeth's quick tears.

A year since he had left them! Elizabeth sighed. It seemed long to the lonely girl. Her own grief would have been enough, but her generous heart ached most for her father and mother.

"Ah dear," the Quakeress said sadly, one June morning, "he loves his country so much better than his home. If war were right or just, but it is sinful. Thee knows, Elizabeth, how it has seemed to us. And yet he loves this best!" In a passionate outburst of grief, Elizabeth resolved that her brother should know, and poured out her loneliness in a confused, reproachful letter. She begged him to come home, pictured the mother so frail and patient, and told him of her sad words of an hour before. It was all there in the letter, all their pain and suffering for his mistake.

Days passed. Elizabeth's heart reproached her at times. But as she noted the deeper shadow on the mother's face, she felt that it was only right for him to know.

Fifth-day morning dawned clear and bright. How like that morning of a year ago! Elizabeth was thinking this as she walked up the woodland path tearing open her brother's letter. She stopped abruptly, staring at the blotted page in terror. She read it through slowly, scarcely comprehending what she read. Then without a sound she sank upon the matted moss and violets. Never had she so needed all her Quaker fortitude. For an hour she prayed there in the joyous woods, gazing with sorrowful reproachful eyes upon the letter. Her brother was shot as a deserter, and it was she who had made him a deserter. He begged her not to blame herself at all; he was not bred to war, he could endure it no longer. He would have soon deserted anyway. His only regret was that he could not have seen them first, just once; he would see them all sometime. But she must not follow him just now—the little mother. She must stay for Elizabeth's sake and the father's. Father would understand now. He was a Quaker still—

Elizabeth rose slowly. Her face was as pure as an angel's in its sweet repose. It was God's will. She heard the low sound of voices in the sunny sitting room, and entering, she softly closed the door.

For days Death hovered close over Benjamin Brant's home. But the sweet spirit of the little mother did not leave them. And when she was strong enough to walk along the woodland path again, there was a wonderful light in her face. She had been very near to the angels and had caught a bit of their radiance in her eyes. She had been very near her son; and he had loved them best, after all! He was a Quaker still.

The sternness had gone from the father's face, leaving it beautifully tender and gentle. Meeting today was blessed with the divine Spirit. No one spoke, but from the very heart ascended silent prayers.

Near the close of the meeting Benjamin Brant arose. His voice was clear and strong. "Let us go out into God's light," he said gently, and with his wife leaning upon his arm, he led the away across the grassy yard to the great pine tree. He paused besides his father's grave, with the plain letters "E. B." on the low headstone, his daughter knelt beside him, sobbing; and with his hand r sting upon her bowed head, he lifted up his face in the light that sifted through the pine boughs and prayed as he had never prayed before. And the odor of crushed violets rose like incense.

—Isabel Bumgarner.

The student who longs to reach, at some point, the horizon of man's comprehension needed no task-master over him. Instead of his work crowding him he crowds his work. It is surprising how much work an enthusiastic student will accomplish and yet have time for recreation, but this is not more surprising than the small amount of work accomplished by the student who works as a slave, without hope of reward or pride in achievements.

Enthusiasm surrounds the toiler with the necessaries of life. It gives edge and polish to intellect, and crowns age with grace and dignity and the ripe fruits of a noble life.—P. H. Finfrock.

SECOND PRIZE STORY

In Original Story and Debate Contest.

THE MIST ON THE SEA

T WAS about ten by the glass, and I was half asleep, lulled by the thud of the rain and the slash of the sea, when the master called from his books in the room beyond that some one had knocked at the gate. I staggered sleepily into the black old hall, and summoned the steward of the angle outlying.

The master called me back and bade me clear the books from the table, and haul out the dark green doublets. For though he was fonder of reading some man he called Erasmus, than of chasing his highland stag, he was young yet, and the olive green velvet showed up the half frozen glow of his fine dark eyes.

Aye, an' it 'twill be a great visitor that shall come on a nicht like this," he said marking out his Euripides, "the Laird o'Dunsodden or Charlet of Bois. 'Tis a nicht any mon may weel fear, for the mists hae come out of the sea an' the wraiths an' the wind an'——"with a start, "Go below an' bid Sonsie Meg to sit out the old meats, lay the coals in the blue room brazier, yet—no, bide wi' me, that I may receive him like the Laird that I am."

So there I bided till down the hall I heard the muttered breath of Jock Eades, the steward, and the dragging of delicate feet. On they came, neither faster nor louder. I made a low bow expecting some fine Lairds retainers, heard a moan and a flutter, raised my head—and into the room came a woman!

I looked at the master, saw a thick shudder, then anger and then surprise.

She trembled a moment, the rain trickling down from her head, then glided in and crouched down on one knee. Sic hair! I could have sworn that the water dripped off before, but now it frayed out in the light pale

golden like wet moon beams. A red line for her lips, and emerald eyes. I could say that she shot him a glance, but that her lashes were down and her lids were so heavy and white. He folded his arms like a prince though his cheeks were blanched.

"Weel," said he, "an' are you a lass or a kelpie?"

"O, it's aye just the sea an' the rain, an' the rain and the sea," she said in a voice so tragic and sweet that the tears started his eyes. He turned to the window and I saw his arm shake. A shriek of the wind hurtled by, moaned in the angle and then slashed the sea on the rocks. The lass cried out, and started up with a stare, but the master force forestalled me and lifted her onto the settle.

"Now, tell me where you come from," he said, but just 'the sea,' was all she would say, and that with a moan.

He looked at me dumbly, and his eyes begged like a dog's, but it was not I who could question.

"I'll be getting you wine," I stuttered. When I came back she was reading a book quite gaily, but the master looked troubled and odd. I brought her a gown, too, but hers was quite dry, though I had been gone but a moment. She had coiled up her hair in a mass, but now a lock floated down and melted into the gold of her dress, till with her eyes she seemed golden and green like slow fire.

I went back to my room, and now and then heard their voices, hers soft and sweet, his heavy and deep, then deeper and thick.

I showed her into her room myself and when I came back, the master stood close by the window. "'Twill be a murky bad nicht, were the lass out o' doors," I said, thinking to draw him to talk, but "Sic, bonny gold hair," was all that he said.

It was I, in the morning who found her room empty and her pillow untouched by her head. I trembled but the master was not ower troubled, and looking out at the sun on the still whirring sea only muttered again and again, "Sic bonny gold hair, sic bonny gold hair."

—Letha Patterson.

Intelligent industry must have the soul of righteousness to keep it in the enjoyment of immortal youth. The voice of conscience must forever be clearer and dearer than the voice of a mob.—P. H. Finfrock.

PHILOMATHEAN PRIZE STORY

In the Inter-Society Contest.

THE NEW MESSENGER BOY

Mr. Randall slammed the money-box into the safe with a jerk. It is exasperating to have one's plans go wrong. With another jerk he turned to the small figure beside him.

"Well, what do you want," he growled.

The little colored boy hitched at his suspenders and answered impudently, "Gee, but you're grouchy! Boss call you down?

Mr. Randall gasped. As a junior partner in the firm he felt his worth and dignity, a feeling evidently not shared by the senior partner's new messenger boy, who continued pleasantly:

"Well, never mind. Don't let it bother you. Mist' Burton sent me here on business." He exhibited a letter. "No, you don't!" as Randall reached for it. This is for Burton, Junior. Where's he at?"

"He's upstairs," answered Randall curtly. He stepped into the hall and called Burton, who appeared in a few moments, carrying a dirty labratory coat and with his face decorated with various streaks and splotches.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Randall?" he exclaimed as he threw the coat on a chair. "You look—ah—disturbed. Oh, hello, Petey, what do you want? Got a message for me?"

Pete handed him the letter silently. He stood somewhat in awe of this sprightly young man. Burton tore open the message and read it with evident surprise.

"It's from dad," he announced. "He very firmly and unmistakably says that that ore must all be tested before seven o'clock in the morning, and there's every bit of a half a day's work on it yet."

"Yes," broke in Randall, "and just after that he left the shop to take the train; I happened to remember that it's Washington Birthday and I can't get in the bank, so I'll have to lock up that fifteen hundred dollars here in the office safe for the night. And I'll tell you I don't like the responsibility!"

He rapped impatiently on the desk.

"Well, I'll tell the watchman to be careful," said Burton. "Has he come yet?"

"No," was the reply, "and that's the worst of it. He just 'phoned me that he's sick and can't come, but that he will send around his nephew or cousin or someone to take his place. Told me his name—Watts of Watkins, or something like that."

Pete, who had been amusing himself by whirling in an office chair, stopped revolving to listen.

"Well, I suppose it's all right, Mr. Randall," said Burton. "Old Dan surely wouldn't send anyone who couldn't take care of things. Besides you needn't worry, because I'll have to be up in the testing room until pretty late, finishing up that ore."

"Thought you were going to the club dinner," said Randall.

"That ore has to be tested tonight," answered Burton briefly.

"Well, well, that's certainly too bad. We'll miss you at the dinner. Can't anyone else do the testing?"

"No, not very well. It's rather a peculiar lot this time, and I'll have to finish it myself, since I've started."

"I suppose you know best," assented Mr. Randall, "and I'll admit that I shall feel easier about that money. I almost considered staying here myself for a while." He put on his hat and coat as he spoke.

Burton laughed. "Oh, I guess that wouldn't have been necessary. "Here, Pete," he added, as he slipped into his long coat again, "go and get me some lunch, won't you? Some sandwiches and pie or something."

He tossed a coin to the boy, who left, making a face at Randall by way of farewell. Mr. Randall, himself, departed soon after, and Burton hurried back to the testing room on the third floor.

Between three and four hours later, or, to be more exact, at about fifteen minutes past eight, the annual dinner of the Mercantile Club was somewhat interrupted by a slight disturbance near the door. Two or three waiters were gathered about one end of the big hotel diningroom and seemed to be forcibly arguing the question of entrance with some one who appeared more anxious to act than to argue. Finally an apologetic and somewhat breathless waiter approached Mr. Randall and whispered to him that an "impudent young rascal—insisted on speaking to him. Wouldn't send in message—wanted Mr. Randall personally.—Would he—be so kind—just to step to the door a minute—satisfy the boy.—"

Mr. Randall deserted his cream sweetbreads reluctantly. Going out in the hall he found Pete standing his ground with determination. Randall looked annoyed.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Well, what's the matter now?"

"Matter?" echoed Pete. "You come along down to the shop and I'll tell you what's the matter. Come on!"

Mr. Randall not only looked annoyed, but he was annoyed. Junior partners are not accustomed to leave club dinners at the bidding of irresponsible messenger boys.

"Tell me what you wish, at once!" he said with dignity. "Did Mr. Burton send you with this message?"

"Message?" No! He didn't know nothin' about it. How can he? He's way up on the third floor and—well, come on! Do you think I want to give it away before all this?" He waived an expressive arm toward the waiters.

Mr. Randal motioned for the waiters to withdraw, and finally prevailed on Pete to tell his mysterious errand. From his excited and incoherent whispers Mr. Randall learned that when the boy had returned with Burton's lunch he had seen the substitute watchman, and recognized him as "Dummy" Watts, a frequenter of the levee district, where he had lived before Mr. Burton picked him up. He became suspicious after thinking the matter over, and decided it would do no harm to tell Burton Junior what he knew of the man. He went back to the shop, but found all the entrances to the building locked, and when he listened at the office door, he heard sounds that he was SURE were made by some one picking the lock of the safe. He could not get in to alarm Burton, and the only other thing he could think of was to find Randall, whom he knew would be at the dinner.

"And now, for Lan's Sake, come on!" he added, almost boiling over with wrath and impatience, "'less you're mighty anxious for Dummy Watts to get hold of that money!"

Though Mr. Randall was a little incredulous and disliked to leave a good dinner and walk four blocks in the rain to quiet the suspicions of an imaginative small boy, he sent in a note to the president, got his hat and umbrella, and they started for the shop. Outside, the rain was increasing and Randall's immaculate dress suit was considerably spattered by the time they reached the long dark building. He listened at the office door, but could hear nothing. He was about to get out his key and enter when Pete advised him to go around to the door on the other side of the building, which opened into the hall instead of directly into the office. Randall muttered something about "Nonsense," but Pete insisted, and together, they tramped around through the mud to the other door. Randall opened it without much attention to noiselessness, for he was thoroughly soaked now, and stepped in.

A blinding flash from a dark lantern, a glimpse of the end of a revolver barrel with dim faces in the background, then a heavy woolen something thrown over his head and in his eyes and mouth, and Randall found himself on the floor unable to speak or see. He could still move, however; and did move violently, to the evident annoyance of some one who punched him in the sides with a revolver. Mr. Randall decided not to move any more, and in a few minutes he felt himself lifted to his feet, half-carried five or six steps across the hall, and thrust without ceremony into the little dark entry adjoining the office. Something else was thrust in after him, a low voice assured him that if he made any racket he would be cheerfully strangled, and the door was quietly closed and locked.

Randall lay quite still for a moment. It had all been done so quietly and so expeditiously, that he wondered if he had not fallen asleep in his chair in the dining room and dreamed it all. But his sopping wet clothes felt realistic enough and he sat up and groaned. The groan was echoed from the darkness near him and he remembered Pete. After all, he was

glad he was not entirely alone. He raised himself stiffly and tried to disentangle his hands and head from the woolen coat still wrapped about him. Subdued rustlings made him aware that Pete was probably doing the same, and in a few moments he heard a cautious whisper.

"Mist' Randall!"

Randall had not yet been able to remove the heavy coat entirely from his mouth, but he replied with a muffled, "That you Pete?"

'Course," came the answer, "think I'm Dummy Watts? What we goin' to do?"

"Don't know. Stay here until those toughs get what they want, I guess. Would you like to walk around to the police station and tell them about it while you wait?" he added sarcastically.

A thought struck him as he spoke. Why had not Pete notified the police in the first place? With an effort he tore the coat from about his head and turned fiercely in the darkness.

"You—you idiot! You're in with the gang! Any sane person would have called the police first, but you dragged me into this. I might have known something was wrong! I——"

"Mist' Randall! Befo' God I ain't got nothin' to do with them! I didn't call any police because they wouldn't have believed me. Don't you know they was trying to take me to the reform school when Mist' Burton took me in an' gimme a job? They'd laugh at me. But I thought you'd believe me. I thought we'd save the money, Mist' Randall."

His voice ended with a sob, and the junior partner felt somewhat abashed. Just then the door was softly opened, a hoarse whisper sternly ordered them to keep quiet, and the door was again closed and locked.

"Well, we got to do something," whispered Pete, after a silence. "Any windows in this room?"

"No, and the other door leads into the office itself."

Pete was on his groping around the walls. "What's this little door?" he whispered. "Feels like a little cupboard."

"Sh! It's the electric light switchboard, I guess. It's in here. I wish Burton would take it into his head to come down stairs. But they'd nab him, too, if he did, or perhaps they've got him locked up somewhere already."

"Saw a light up there as we came up the street," answered Pete, as he rustled softly about. Suddenly Randall heard him give a smothered ejaculation and hurry quickly along the wall to him.

"Say," he whispered excitedly, "can you telegraph? Can you? Huh?"

"Telegraph? What's the difference whether I can telegraph or not? Have you gone crazy?"

"Well, can you, I say? Can you? Can Mist' Burton? Listen! Can't you turn off the 'lectric light from here and turn it on again, and make Mist' Burton understand it up there—can't you?"

Randall drew a deep breath. "Pete, you're—you're a wonder!" He paused a moment. "I learned the Morse alphabet when I was a lot younger than I am now. But if I havn't forgot it, and Burton hasn't forgotten that summer he was night operator at Oak's Switch and come

dancing down here to fix the fuse when the lights go off, we'll settle those scamps. It's worth trying."

He felt his way to the switch-box and opened the door. It was risky work groping about for the handle of the upstairs switch, and his matches were all soaked. By good luck, however, he found it without mishap and threw off the current.

Up in the testing room Burton was humming cheerfully over a big bottle full of a muddy looking liquid, when the lights suddenly went out. Before he could raise his head they came on again and then began dancing crazily on and off. Thinking something must be wrong with the fuse, he went to the door, but to his amazement found it locked. The lights were behaving more oddly than ever. Now a long flash of light, then a couple of short flashes, another long flash and a short one. Then a comparatively long period of darkness, and the flashes would begin again.

Burton began to feel queer. Then he watched more closely and found that there seemed to be a regular number of flashes between the periods of of darknes, and the combination of long and short flashes seemed vaguely familiar. Suddenly he dropped the bottle with a crash. If the flashes had been clicks, then they would have been making the letters B-u-r-t-o-n. He stared at the lights. Sure enough, some one, somewhere, was signalling "Burton."

In a few moments there seemed to be a longer interval of darkness than usual, and then the combination of flashes was different and somewhat halting. Burton was bewildered, but he siezed a pencil and paper and began putting them down—a dash for a long flash, a dot for a short one —with increasing consternation as the mesage went on. Translated it read:

"Randal!—locked—entry—watchman—safe—rob — help — back way—hurry—Randall—locked—"

This was repeated several times, but Burton waited only until he was sure he had it correctely before he opened a window, climbed down a fire-escape in the rain, and started on a run for the nearest telephone.

Randall was still prespiring and grunting over the switchboard when he heard a scuffling and commotion in the hall and office, excited voices, hurrying steps, and then the sound of Burton's voice. He hammered loudly on the door, someone hastily unlocked it, and in a few seconds he had the pleasure of seeing the watchman and his two friends prostrate on the floor beside the open safe, and the task of explaining to the seven policemen and Burton how it all happened. It was a short story, but he told it well, and Pete's triumph was complete and glorious.

"Now ain't you glad I made you come?" he crowed to Randall from his perch on the office desk. "Still think I'm in cahoots with 'em?" He nodded at the watchman and his friends on the floor.

Randall looked from them to the open safe and then back at Pete.

"I don't want to tell you what I think of you, Pete," he said. "It might make you vain. Here's my hand. Shake."

—Bonnie Blackburn.

A REVERSION TO TYPE

ELINOR McPHEARSON, aged ten, entered on her first term at a public school with the traditions of her race weighing heavily upon her. There had never been a McPhearson who disobeyed rules or failed to stand at the head of his class, and Elinor felt that the honor of her ancestors depended on her living up to their high standard. Indeed she was easily the "star pupil," and her angelic behavior was balm to the soul of her teacher, who, being young and inexperienced, voiced her approval publicly and held her up as a model to the thirty-odd pupils who had no standards. The latter naturally had little use for models, especially for one who "put on airs" and was so palpably "teacher's pet." Her enthusiasm in the matter of lessons, her refusal to cheat on examinations and the invariable "Deportment, "99" on her report card were constant reproaches to them; they disliked her and they took pains to show it. On account of frequent sickness Elinor had been taught entirely at home, so that the routine of school life was new and delightful to her. As long as the glamour lasted she paid very little attention to her school-mates; but after a month or two the Common Denominator and the map of Africa ceased to satisfy her, and she began to realize her isolation. It hurt to be left out of the games at recess, to be quizzed and teased by the big girls, to walk home alone, a target for malicious snowballs, while other little girls danced off hand in hand. Elinor could not reason it out, but she had a vague inkling of the cause and brooded over it, growing more and more sensitive. " If I'd fail and get kept in, maybe they'd like me better," she said to herself finally.

So it came about that, one gloomy winter afternoon, she closed her Reader and faced a recitation with the consciousness of being willfully and deliberately unprepared. She had not learned the Memory Gems at the foot of the page, and failed on a Memory Gem, especially to be one of a series of failures, meant zero and "outer darkness." Quotations from great authors did not usually appeal to the occupants of Miss Deane's room, and the last hour of the afternoon was a bugbear to teacher and pupils alike. Heretofore Elinor had fairly reveled in Memory Gems, but today she knew only that there were two, and that the first began, "Be good, sweet maid." She had seen that by accident, but had immediately covered it up with a blotter. Now she felt both guilty and exultant, and wanted to get over it quickly. But Miss Deane began on the opposite side of the class, and Robbie Perkins was the first victim. Having spent the previous hour in firing paper wads, Robbie dragged himself up reluctantly:

"Be good, sweet maiden——and——be sweet——and——"

His voice trailed off to a dead pause and he slumped back into his seat. Elinor wondered, as she did daily, how it would feel to fail like that, then remembered with a little shiver that she would soon find out. Miss Deane referred the Gem to Lulu Taggart, who attacked it with a preliminary giggle which seemed to put it all out of her head. The next little girl, after many halts and corrections, succeeded in reaching the final "grand sweet song" and sat down prespiring with relief. So with endless

repetition and vicissitude the Gem traveled down one long row and up another, while Elinor listened with increasing nervousness.

Suddenly, when Sadie West "stuck" in the middle of a line, Elinor caught herself mentally completing it, and was startled to find that every word was stamped upon her unwilling mind. She had learned it in spite of herself! Relief was quickly followed by dismay. Before she had time to readjust herself her turn came, and Miss Deane's face took on the look of confident expectancy it always wore when Elinor recited—a look which the other children understood and resented. "Well, Elinor?" Her voice was almost a caress. Elinor rose sullenly; it had been SO hard not to study that quotation, and now it was all no use. She couldn't say she didn't know it when she did.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

She slid into her seat again with downcast eyes.

"You see, children, that isn't too hard for Elinor to learn, and she is younger than most of you, too! I wish you would all do as well," Miss Deane added with a little sigh.

Elinor's cheeks burned, and she stirred uneasily. She could feel without seeing the significant glances that always followed such remarks.

The recitation dragged on tiresomely; the teacher was discouraged, the children dull. Faces brightened as the clock struck four, but Miss Deane tapped the bell for attention.

"Elinor McPhearson may be excused," she announced with dreadful distinctness; "the rest of you may stay till you can recite our Memory Gem without a mistake."

There was a knock at the door, and as she turned to answer it a little angry stir and murmur of envy and contempt ran through the class. 'Ya-a-h, teacher's pet! Old Deane's pet!" muttered Sammy Andrews across the aisle. "Smar—ty, smar—ty, had a par—ty!" came from behind, prolonged into an insulting sneer. Even Sadie, who had accepted the largest half of Elinor's apple at recess, sniffed audibly and remarked, "Huh! Think you know lots, don't you!" Elinor could have cried for self-pity, but McPhearson pride came to her rescue. White-faced and with tight-set lips, she walked alone down the aisle and around the room, nearly tripping once over an outstretched foot. She felt herself a criminal with all those unfriendly eyes upon her, but she held her head high, and no one dreamed of the pathetic little formula she was saying to herself to keep the tears back—one she had used before when facing tormenting boys with snowballs—"My father was in the Civil War, my grandfather was a Senator! My father was in the Civil War, my grandfather was a Senator!" The door closed behind her, and the class resumed its rebellious struggle with "Be good, sweet maid," while unobservant Miss Deane wondered why the child who was NOT kept in should look so white and tragic.

The utter failure of this pittiful little effort to get down to the level of her schoolmates left Elinor desparingly resigned. She had not courage to try again, and took refuge in an outward haughtiness and reserve which was more offensive than ever. At last came mid-year examinations

and promotions. Miss Deane's A class—all who passed—piled up unsteady pyramids of books on their geographies, balanced ink-bottles and pencil-boxes on top, and with many accidents and misgivings filed across the hall to Miss Burkham's room. Elinor hung back to bid Miss Deane a tearful good-bye, and in the strange room felt for a time more wretched than ever. But gradually things began to brighten. Miss Burkham was wise enough to avoid all appearances of partiality, and after a time the other children ceased to show open unkindness. Yet they stood aloof; they considered Elinor "different," and she felt estranged and lonely, till a newcomer, Mollie May, entered the room and was placed across the aisle from her. Mollie was a sunshiny little soul, with a smile which melted all Elinor's shyness. Discovering a mutual fondness for paper-dolls, they soon became friends and spent recesses in discussing card-board furniture. It was Mollie who suggested to Elinor the possibility of lapsing from the other part of the McPhearson code—obedience to rules.

"If you wouldn't be so good, the girls wouldn't call you stuck up," she ventured one day. "Why don't you be bad like I am? It's lots more fun!"

Elinor was frankly horrified. That she, a McPhearson, could talk on her fingers, whisper, write notes, do the hundred and one things that Mollie did, and not be disgraced forever, was contrary to all her training. But the suggestion lurked in her mind, and gradually grew to seem less impossible. Mollie was so close and she had so much to say to her, that it became harder and harder to resist the temptation. Terry O'Neil, too, helped to bring about a subtle change of view. Terry sat in front of Elinor, and was the very spirit of mischief personified. The light-hearted abandon with which he transgresed, and the unabated cheerfulness he preserved while doing penance, impressed Elinor in spite of herself. She could not help laughing at his pranks, and little by little, so insiduously that she did not realize it herself, the mantle of virtue began to slip from her. Timidly, awkwardly, with much pricking of conscience and nightly repentance, she began to imitate Mollie; and having once answered an unexpected question with a piece of butterscotch in her mouth, found it much easier next time. Terry's open-mouthed astonishment the first time she poked her foot out toward Mollie with a note tucked in her shoe only incited her to repeat the deed, for no one was surprised when other girls passed notes. Miss Burkham noticed an increasing restlessness in that corner, but never dreamed that Elinor could be concerned in it.

It was not till a few weeks before vacation that Elinor's furtive misdeeds reached their culmination, as a smouldering fire breaks suddenly into a blaze. Perhaps it was the weather; certainly overy one was restless that afternoon. A warm breeze from the open window scattered the scent of the lilacs on Miss Burkham's desk, and a vagrant bee stumbled, droning, over the purple clusters. Elinor felt reckless and unlike herself. Terry, aching for a sensation, loosed a big, stupid June-bug on Mollie's desk, from which she shrank back with a little gasp of fright. But Elinor was not afraid of June bugs, and as Terry leaned forward to chuckle she captured and dropped it wriggling down his back. His surprised contortions, and Mollie's glee, were so enjoyable that study was out of the question. Just then Alice Meade, sitting behind, gave Elinor's long braid a challenging tug, and she thrust her hand, with a ruler, down through the space at the back of the seat, meaning merely to give Alice a friendly prodding. But

this was too common a diversion, and all at once Elinor forgot all her caution. Siezing the hem of Alice's skirt, she pulled it suddenly up through the crack, to the great delight of all who were near enough to see, held on desperately with both hands, and by sitting on it resisted all Alice's shocked attempts to jerk it back. Gurgles of laughter soon made Miss Burkham look up. She found every eye fixed on the culprits, Elinor shaking with mirth, Alice scarlet with embarrassment, and hunched forward in her seat in a most peculiar way.

"What is the matter, Alice? Sit up properly and behave yourself!" she commanded.

"I can't, she—she's sittin' on my skirt!" gasped Alice.

Miss Burkham was amazed almost beyond words, but the unmistakable guilt on Elinor's face confirmed it.

"Why did you do that, Elinor?"

"'Cause I wanted to," answered Elinor, truthfully, but with scanty diplomacy. Miss Burkham stared. Elinor, the model of deportment!

"You may stand in the corner fifteen minutes," she said icily, "and after school I shall request explanations."

Elinor took her place in the designated corner, facing a patriotic quotation written in Miss Burkham's best hand, her ears rang, and everything seemed vague and unreal, as if it were all a dream. The confused tumult of her feelings finally subsided into wonder why she did not feel worse. Even the thought of her parents brought but a momentary discomfort. "I must be awful bad!" she said to herself; "I reckon I am as bad now as Terry O'Neil!" At the thought she glanced over her shoulder. Mollie smiled encouragement, and Terry gave her a long-drawn wink of comradeship. Elinor lost all sense of disgrace, and fell to reading over and over drowsily the words on the blackboard before her—

"I was born an American, I have lived an American,
I will die an American!"

Through the window she could see green branches tossing, and the bee kept humming in irresponsible song. The quarter-hour was nearly up when the reckless feeling siezed her again, and with it an idea of irresistible temptation, a quick glance at the teacher, a hasty erasure and substitution, and the quotation stood bereft of all dignity;

"I was born an American, I have lived an American,
I will die IN A CAN!"

She heard Mollie's smothered giggle, and knew she was calling the attention of all her neighbors to the ridiculous change.

"You may sit down, Elinor," said Miss Burkham, unconscious of the new offense.

Elinor turned and faced her schoolmates. The beaming appreciation on Terry's face was echoed all over the class. The audacity of the thing had earned unstinted admiration. Her eyes shone as she took her seat. Shame and remorse might come later, but now she felt nothing but rejoicing. The barrier between her and her fellows was down; she was one with them at last. Terry whirled around in his seat, and thrust a black, limber stick of licorice into her hand, and whirled back with an incoherent whisper "I say Ellie you're—you're GREAT!"

And Elinor McPhearson, erstwhile prig, sucked licorice behind her geography and cared not a whit for the traditions of her forefathers.

—Clara Martin Baker, '08.

WHEN LOIS DIED

LOIS was mad; she wasn't angry or cross, she was just mad. She never had heard the word until the day before and this was just the opportunity to use it; for wasn't she invited to the party with "from two to four" written on pink paper with gold ink and wouldn't it be just the opportunity to wear her new dress, the silk one with pink ribbon and here her mother had said "no," she must wear an old one.

Yes, she truly was the most abused person in all the world, she had never thought of it before but she knew now she was, other girls got to wear their best dresses to parties if they wanted to but she never did, she always did have to wear something that would wash. What if she did spill simething on her good dress, wasn't it a greater satisfaction to know it was on something it would spoil and have every one pity her and say what a shame it was and they wondered what her mother would say, than to have only a few glances given her and hear some one say, "Oh well, it doesn't matter, it will wash out."

By this time she had wandered out into the garden and was lying down behind the rose hedge. It was a dull, sleepy afternoon, just the right kind of a time to think over troubles and she lay looking up among the green tree tops that seemed such a long way up in the sky and wondering how all the different kinds of green shaded into each other and who fixed them that way; and then after awhile away up above the very highest tree she saw a feathery white cloud float across a piece of blue sky. Then a bee began to buzz around her face and after it had gone away a bright red lady-bug crawled up on the rose bush beside her,

"Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire and your children will burn,"

she chanted, but the lady-bug refused to go even when she kindly urged it with a few gentle punches with a stick. There it was again, not even a bug would move when she wanted it to, nothing would ever happen the way she wanted it.

Then suddenly there came to her the sound of a church bell tolling. Some one must be dead, how awful that was. What if she should die, she hadn't thought of it before but she was sure her throat was sore and she knew her head ached.

Yes, she might die at any time, for she was young yet. She could see her parents now, as they kneeled at her side in a closed and darkened room, heavy with the incense of lilies, for of course, they were the most emblematic thing of her who died so young, one of God's lilies herself, unable to withstand the cold and cruel winds of the earth and so had been blown down. Everything would be covered up and draped in white, tied back with dainty violet ribbons, just like in a picture she had seen once and her mother, blinded with tears, would stagger to her side and throwing herself upon her knees, would moan and say, "Oh, Lois, Lois,

why didn't I let you wear the dress you wanted to the party, now it will be of no earthly good to you and it will only remind me of my angel child whom I treated so cruelly," and then her father would say, "She was such a noble child, so unselfish, she always gave up to others and she never pouted nor was stubborn. Truly, she was not like other girls."

Then mother would issue invitations to her dearest friends to come at a certain time, to see how sweet she looked after she was laid out, and they would come in, bearing garlands of flowers and intwine about her bier, all the time singing sweet sad songs to the low tones of the pipe-organ. She didn't exactly know how the pipe-organ would get into her house, but of course it would be there; and then they would all kneel beside her and pray that they might be as good as she.

And then the funeral, that would be such a grand affair. She would get to wear a white silk dress then, all right, and oh joy, maybe white slippers like cousin Louise had when she was married, white satin ones, with pearl beads on, only she did hope she wouldn't have to limp the way Louise did, but then of course, she had forgotten she would not have to walk in hers, and how lucky, her dress was short and everybody would see them. And perhaps she would hold a shower boquet of white roses—or no, she believed she would rather have a shepardess' crook like the white ones caried by the bridesmaids.

First in the procession would be the band, playing a low funeral dirge, and after that would come the hearse that would take her to her final resting place. On each side of it would be honorary pall-bearers; her six most intimate girl friends. They would all be dressed in a different color, their dresses made something like those that the girls wore in a show her father took her to once—dresses that had just yards and yards of ruffles on and when the girls danced they looked just like tops whirling around. They would each carry a bunch of flowers to match the dress and of course the hats must be the same also.

Behind would come the really pall-bearers and they would be her six especially boy friends. She did hope she wouldn't be heavy for if there is anything that is just horrid, it is when a boy's face gets all red and hot and it would take away so much of the solemnity of the occasion if they were not pale, too; she could see the looks of anguish upon their faces now as she thought of how each one would be saying to himself, "She was my sweetheart, and when I grew up she would have been my wife; oh, how can I give her up, my little playmate, my little girl." of course, as yet, none of them had ever said such things out loud to her, but of course, they thought them.

It would be nice too, when they got to the grave, which was to be a flowery bank, to have the guns fired off like they did when Colonel Hamilton died, only that might not be quite proper for a girl, she guessed it was only old men after all had that.

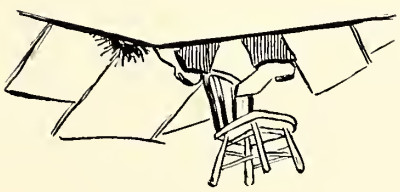
By this time bitter tears were roling down Lois' face and she was just feeling herself being lowered to her grave, when she heard a voice from the house saying, "Lois, Lois, where are you? Supper is ready, we are going to have hot biscuits and maple syrup."

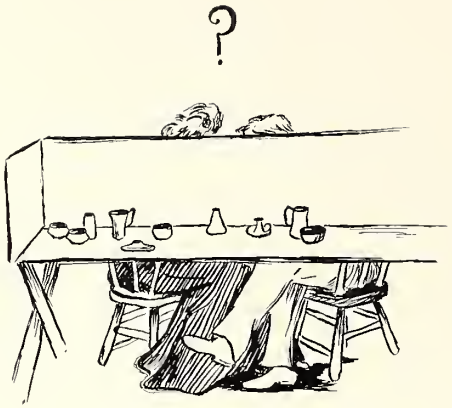
—Georgia Donaldson.

"HIS NAME WAS JONES"

There was a dumpy teacher-man
With nervousness a-shakin';
He went to Van Deventer's place
To have his picture taken.

All suddenly there was a crash,
The air was full of screen;
A pair of feet waved wildly—
The teacher was not seen!



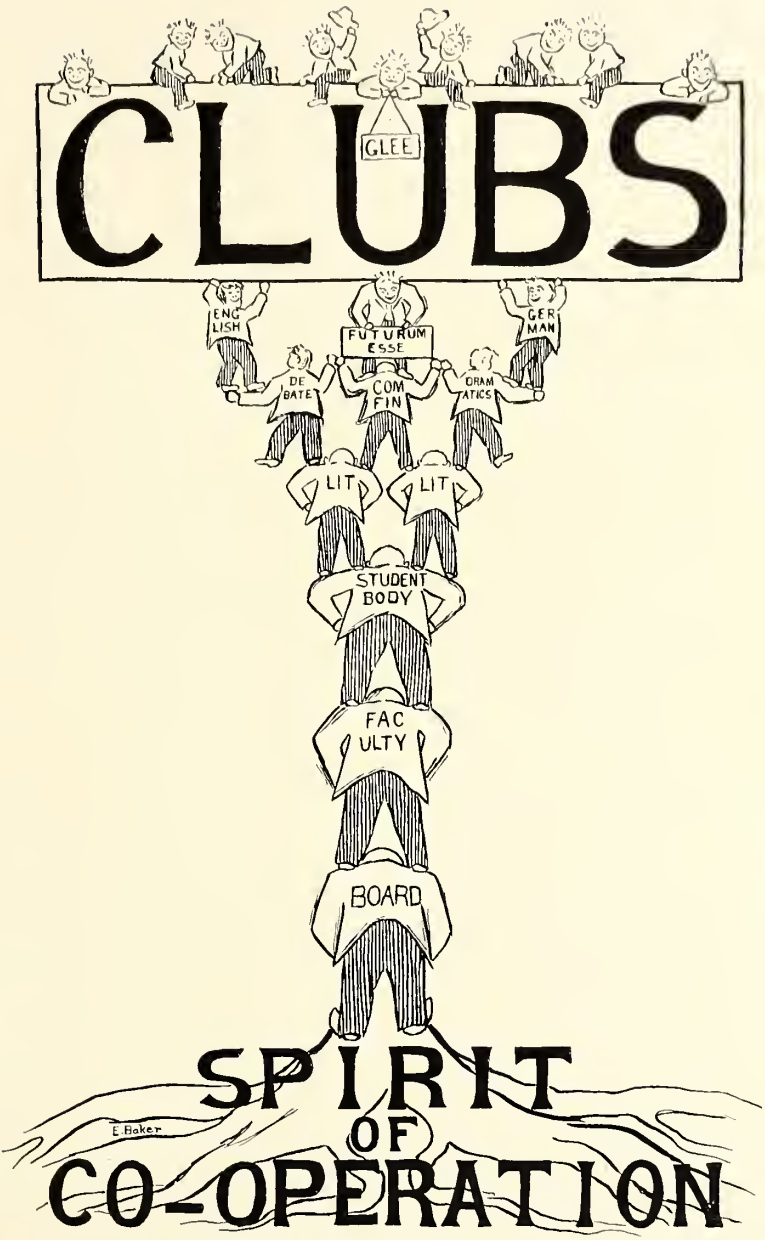


"IF"

If a lassie meet a laddie
On the stair at noon,
If the lassie take a laddie
To a third floor room,

If that artful, blue-eyed lassie
Has back work to do,
If that wondrous, charming laddie
Longs to help her through,

If they place their chairs together
Close as close can be,
Why should other naughty maidens
Stay near by to see?


CLUBS
GLEE
ENG LISH
FUTURUM ESSE
GER MAN
DE BATE
COM FIN
DRAM ATICS
LIT
LIT
STUDENT BODY
FAC ULTY
BOARD
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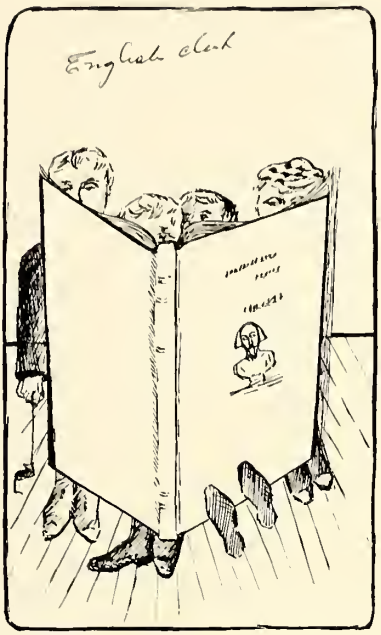

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Jessie Lemmon, Vice President,

Harry Humphrey, Sec'y. and Treas.

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THE EDITOR —

VOLUME THREE

THE DECATURIAN

NUMBER SIX

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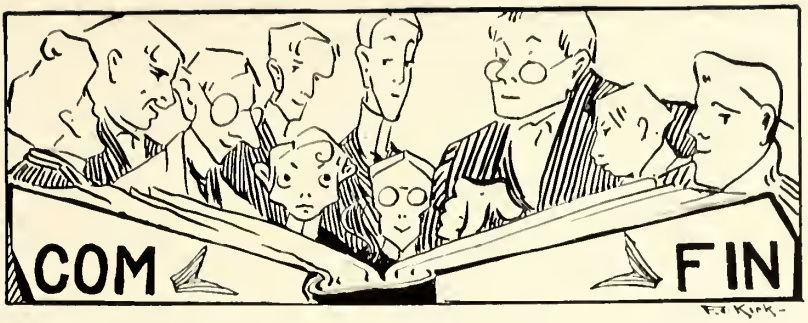
FEBRUARY NINETEEN SIX

THE ADVERTISER



THE COM-FIN CLUB

The Com-Fin Club was originated spontaneously in the minds of a dozen or more luminaries whose effulgence illuminated the first Freshman class in the School of Commerce and Finance of the James Millikin University.

This spontaneity of thought became known to others at a meeting of an informal nature February 10th, 1905. This mutual admiration thus engendered, led to a formal organization on February 24, 1905. Thereafter weekly meetings were held during the winter months of the year 1905. During the year 1905-'06, semi-monthly meetings were held.

At the first meeting one of the members brought a large and decidedly obstreperous Billy-goat, which was at once pressed into service, in the initiation of a couple of candidates who were seeking the fins of the Com-Fins.

You can hardly comprehend the adaptability of the Com-Fin Billy-goat for the position of a swimming master. Nevertheless, members of the club can certify to the ability of the goat to put the candidate in proper position for swimming, and by an involuntary process start the growth of fins by which one Com-Fin may know another.

Some of the most pleasing times still embedded in the minds of the members were the open meetings. The first affair of this nature was held at the home of Professor Stevenson, the father of the club. The members appeared as in the picture above, in company with some of the fair young ladies of the Millikin. Several like meetings have been held, each proving a great success.

The officers for the year 1905-'06 are as follows:

Ventral Fin, James D. Moses
Caudal Fin, E. Starr Cole.
Dorsal Fin, Norman Sansom.
Second Dorsal Fin, Masuji Matsumoto.

MEMBERS.

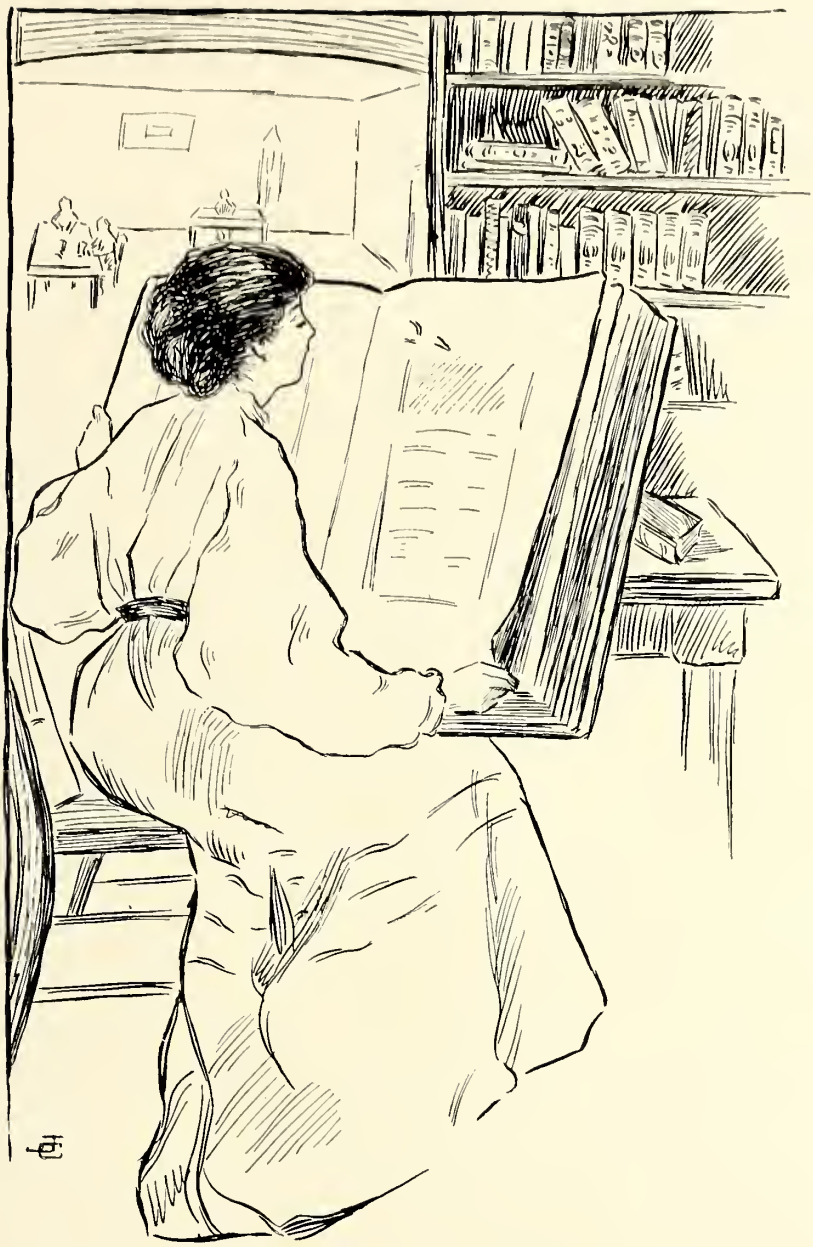
Arthur Moore
Jesse Corzine
C. H. Hoggatt
Prof. W. C. Stevenson
Norman Sansom
Masuji Matsumoto
Hiram H. Shumway
E. Starr Cole
Charles Post
Prof. A. T. Mills
Horace McDavid
W. R. McGaughey
Kent Williamson
Hazelton Daniels
James D. Moses
Don R. Lehman
Carelton Mattes

COM-FIN CLUB

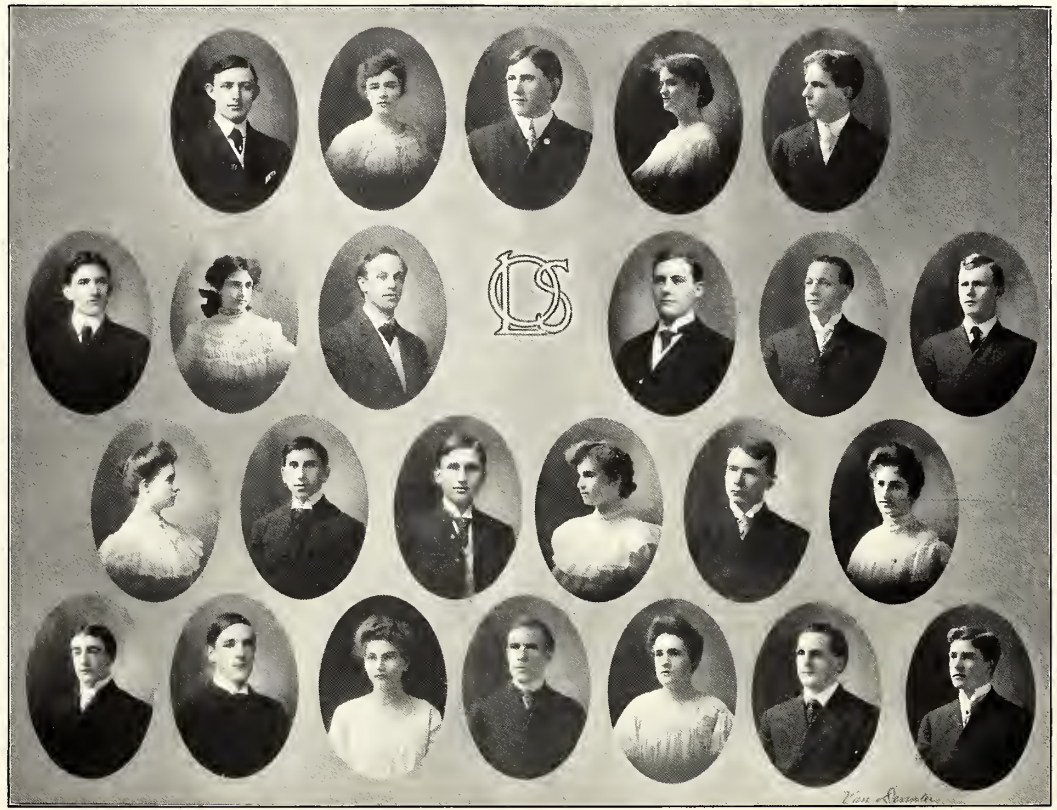
Post Matsumoto Hoggatt McGaughey

Shumway Moses Prof. Stevenson Cole Moore

Sansom Corzine Romine Lehman



Literary



ORLANDIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

ORLANDIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

ORLANDIAN YELLS:

Big O-R-L-A-N-D
Orlan D-I-A-N
O R L A N D I A N

Orlandian or bust, Orlandian or bust,
Fame of the land, Yell we must.

ORLANDIAN OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

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Vice President, Daisy Payne
Critic, Judith Mills
Prosecuting Attorney, Frank Sheffler
Chaplain, Chas. Hartwig
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Carelton Mattes
J. Arthur Moore
Edgar Peters
H. Guy Porter
Charles Record
Ethel Yanders
Dwight Young
Jennie Young
George Ewing

Society Motto:—"Non quis, sed quid."
Society Color:—Old Gold.
Society Flower:—Marguerite.

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

OFFICERS.

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Vice President, Belle Uhler
Secretary, Bonnie Blackburn
Treasurer, Raymond Turner
Corresponding Secretary, Eula McCown
Chaplain, Gary Hudson
Prosecuting Attorney, DeForest Baird
Critic, Estella Bryant
Marshalls { Charles King / Miss Southworth

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D. E. Baird
Ellis Bankson
W. H. Bell
Orris Bennett
Bonnie Blackburn
Earle Bryant
Estella Bryant
Harriet Bryant
H. G. Hudson
W. F. Isaacs
Walter Kaeuper
C. W. F. King
D. R. Lehman
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Eula McCown
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C. A. Post
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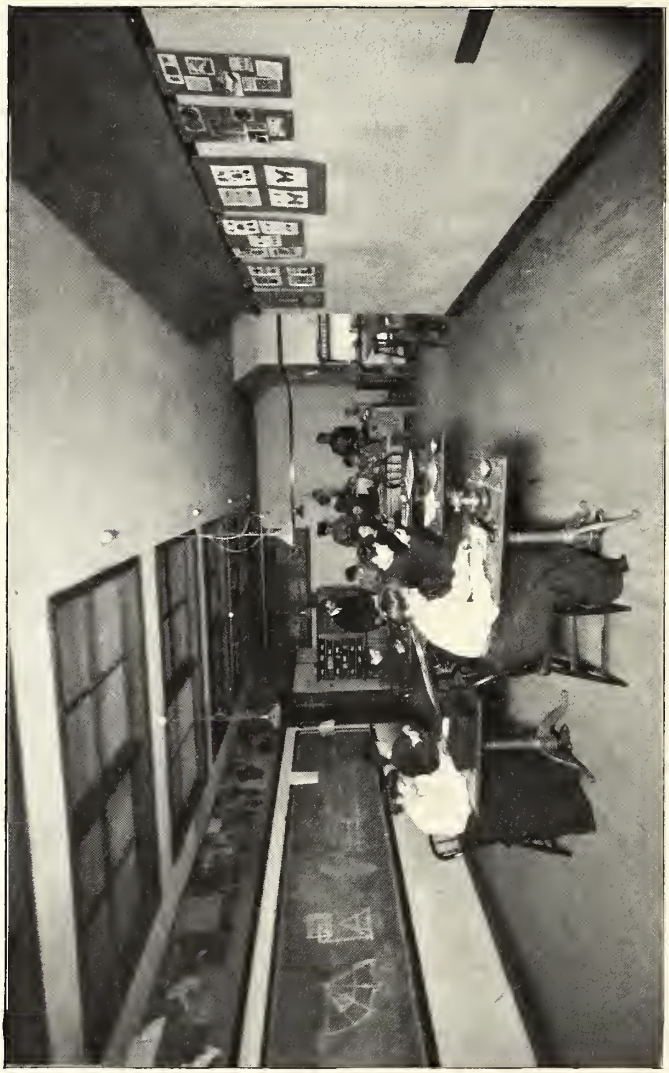
Ethel Rogers
Augustina Southworth
J. M. Southworth
Osmer Southworth
R. R. Turner
Belle Uhler
F. R. Webber
Leoti Swearingen
H. M. Shumway

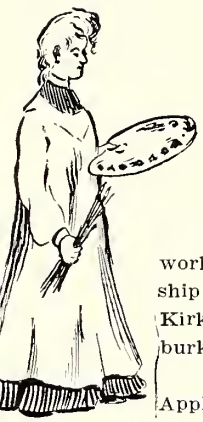
Colors:—Crimson and White.

Yell: Balla laca, Balla laca,
Boom, Bow-wow!
Chicka laca, Chicka laca,
Chew Chow Chow!
Balla laca, Chicka laca
Zip, Zaw Zam,
Philo-math-ean!



FINE & APPLIED ARTS
F.K.

THE ART DEPARTMETT



The Art Department of the James Millikin University began its work September fifteenth, nineteen hundred and three, under the leadership of Professor W. H. Varnum, of Boston, Massachusetts. Frances C. Kirk and Emma L. Baker of Decatur, Illinois, and Ray Oliphant of Petersburk, Indiana, are now assisting.

Three lines of work were taken up at the beginning; the Fine and Applied Arts, and Mechanical Drawing. These have gradually been developed in accordance with the latest and most approved methods of art education, until we now include under the Fine Arts, drawing, perspective, pencil and charcoal, pen and ink, water-color and oil from still life and life, composition, landscape painting, and clay modelling with casting. There is also a course in Art History given in lectures illustrated by lantern slides. Under Applied Arts we have a course of study in the principles of design and color harmony, pottery, basketry, bent iron, leather work, metal work in copper, silver and so forth, with enamelling and stone setting, all from original designs. There is also a course in dress designing for Domestic Art pupils. This year a special course in China painting, in which original design is encouraged, was introduced with marked success. The Mechanical Drawing which is adapted to the needs of the students in the Engineering Department, includes projection, machine drawing, and cast shadows.

We have tried to overcome the popular idea that the study of art is a mere pastime, with what success may be judged from the fact that, in our University, some courses in art may now be substituted for certain branches in Mathematics, and the council is fully persuaded that nothing is lost in the substitution. The work becomes more and more interesting each year, and our enrollment steadily increases. We foresee a prosperous future for the Art Department.

—E. L. B.

There was a little artist-man
Disliked his hair, 'tis said;
And so he took a can of paint
And dyed it Titian red!

PROFESSOR KAEUPER'S STUDIO.

Music

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

THE James Millikin University School of Music has for its object the diffusion of a high musical education. The institution endeavors to attain this end by a well-regulated and scientific plan of instruction, imparted not only to those who wish to devote themselves to music as artists and teachers, but also to amateurs whose only object is to acquire a correct knowledge of music.

In the teaching of music, thoroughness is too often lamentably absent. Most students of the various branches of music study, especially piano, voice and violin, are unwilling to undergo the necessary and of necesity somewhat dry system of instruction that some schools enforce on them. To most pupils, in such a case, proficiency seems to come with slow and leaden feet, and in this delusion too often receive the corroborative opinion of their unknowing friends and relatives. This fact is taken advantage of in the case of many instructors, who give their only too willing pupils a fictitious accomplishment by literally drumming into them catchy and showy pieces that neither educate the taste for the higher in this art nor lead to technical proficiency.

It has always been the aim of the directors of The James Millikin University School of Music to make the path to self-reliant, thorough musical proficiency more entertaining without in the least abating the necessary means to that end. The methods of instruction employed are the very best and are approved by the most celebrated professors of musical pedagogy in the world, and are likewise employed by the great schools in Europe and America.

The advantages of instruction here are many. The proper conditions and appliances, with which to develop the talents of pupils, are at hand, and pupils have the advantages of the recitals and concerts, the study of sight-reading, fundamental harmony, history of music, and ensemble playing, which are so very necessary to a complete musical training, without additional cost.

Our school has been unusually sucessful. The number of pupils has been steadily increasing since the opening in September, nineteen hundred three. To accomodate the many pupils, our faculty has been enlarged and now we have a large school of enthusiastic pupils from many parts of the country as the result of our efforts. Our faculty is selected from among the best professors of Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Berlin and

we believe cannot be surpassed in America. The prices charged for tuition are much lower than are asked for teaching of the same high standard in the large cities. Our success has not only been great in the numbers of pupils but also in the improvement and fine ability shown by our pupils as evidenced by the many students' recitals we have given.

Results are the best tests of any plan, and we can proudly prove our claims for the superiority of the instruction given in the present as in the past by the work done by our pupils.

Diplomas are conferred upon students in the collegiate department who have been in the school at least one year, and who have completed the required course in any department of the school.

Certificates are issued to pupils in the collegiate department who have completed specified work.

Detailed requirements for examination of candidates for diplomas, or certificates, will be provided by the director upon application.

Students may receive a credential, stating attendance and character of work done, upon completing not less than one year's work of one full branch.

It is impossible to estimate the time it will take a student to complete the course of instruction. Some take five years to accomplish what others do in three. So much depends on the talent and the amount of time devoted to intelligent and conscientious practice.

The School of Music of The James Millikin University offers an elementary department in piano study for beginners and pupils in the early grades, giving the best possible instruction from the very beginning of study.

To obviate the necessity of correcting faults which too often are formed by students incorrectly instructed, a correct, scientific training is of the greatest importance, especially to children. This fact is nearly always overlooked, and the result is that beginners are too often entrusted to the teaching care of faulty instructors.

FREDERICK H. BAKER,

Piano Playing.—New England Conservatory, Boston, 1893. Royal Conservatory, Leipzig. Post-graduate work with Carl Faelten, Dr. Louis Maas, Mrs. Thomas Tapper, et. al.

CHARLES N. LANPHERE,

Piano Playing, Harmony and Counterpoint.—New England Conservatory of Music, 1898. Student of Arthur Foote, piano, Dr. Percy Goetschius, harmony, counterpoint and composition; George E. Whiting, pipe organ; Louis C. Elson, theory and history of music. Director Virgil Piano School, 1900-1903. Taught in Berlin and Dresden, Germany.

HERMANN H. KAEUPER,

Director School of Music and Teacher Piano, Composition, Etc.—Cincinnati College of Music, 1896. Student of Frank Van der Stucken, et. al. Instructor Cincinnati College of Music, 1896-1897. Director Wittenberg College of Music, 1897-1902.

HARRIET W. BRYANT,

Registar School of Music.—Newman (Ill.) High School, 1898. The James Millikin University, 1903-1905.

Frances Virginie Melton,

Piano Playing, Harmony and Counterpoint.—College of Music, Illinois Woman's College, 1894. Illinois Woman's College, 1896. Five years Post-graduate work at College of Music and with Wm. H. Sherwood, Chicago.

Mrs. Harriet Ellis-Lanphere,

Piano Playing.—Normal Conservatory of Music, Potsdam, N. Y. Pianoforte and Voice. Superintendent of Music public schools in East Orange, New Jersey. Studied Pianoforte with A. K. Virgil in New York and Voice with C. A. White, New England Conservatory of Boston.

Edward Meek,

Singing.—College of Music of Cincinnati. Student of Mattioli, Cincinnati, George Sweet and Carl Dufft, New York. Member of faculty American Conservatory and Columbian School of Music, Chicago.

Harrington Johnston,

Violin.—New England Conservatory of Music, 1890-1898. Instructor in Normal Department, N. E. C. of M., 1896-1898. Private class in Boston, 1898-1903.

LADIES' GLEE CLUB.

GLEE CLUBS

LADIES' GLEE CLUB.

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Emmons Overmir

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Elmer Lyons
Harris Hudson
Charles King
George Owens.

SECOND BASS

Frank Hunter
Ray Oliphant
Hazelton Daniels
Harold Mills

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Chas F. Record, Director
Norman Sonson, Picalo
Harold Simmons, 1st Claronet
Keach Bone, 2nd Claronet
B. A. Million, 3rd Claronet
John McLean, Cornet
Dr. Woodruff, Cornet
Clint Morgan, Cornet
Lawrence Meyers, Cornet
Carleton Mattes, Cornet
Will Sheffert, Cornet
Arthur Bonds, Cornet
Bert Dickson, 1st Alto
Jacob Kirk, 1st Alto
Davis, 2nd Alto
Thomas Devore, 3rd Alto
Ralph Querry, 4th Alto
Harry Baxter, 1st Trombone
Hazelton Daniels, 2nd Trombone
Edward Richmond, 2nd Trombone
Elmer Thomas, 3rd Trombone
J. G. Wozencraft, Baritone
John Davidson, Bass
Samuel Bruce, Bass
James Pellington, S. Drummer
Frank Hunter, B. Drummer

J. M. U.
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19 06.
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BATTALION BAND

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Accompanist, Hazel Kennedy.

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THE SONG OF WATCHMAN TOMMY

At the Crossing of the Wabash,
Where the mighty "choo-choo" thunders,
Stands the shanty of Old Tommy,
Guardian of the track, Old Tommy!
Swift before it rush the engines,
Rush the grimy locomotives,
Trail the heavy-laden coal-cars;
Bright behind it lies the campus,
Lies the green and sunny campus,
Spacious oak-bedecked, our campus!

At his door on frosty mornings
Stands Old Tommy, wrinkled, Irish;
From his pipe the smoke ascending
Wreathes his head in pungent vapor,
In his hand he grasps the flag-staff,
Sign of power, the dingy flag-staff:
Very haughty, is Old Tommy
As he struts about the crossing!

Down the track a shrieking freight-train
Rushes toward Old Tommy's station,
Roaring as the whirlwind roareth,
Sending jets of steam above it,
Leaving clouds of smoke behind it;
Down the street belated students
That have slept beyond the sunrise,
That have lingered long at breakfast,
That have primped before the mirror,
Madly tear, with flying shoe-strings,
Dread to hear the third bell ringing,
Fear the anger of the teacher,
Fear a zero in the grade-book,
Disregard Old Tommy's signal
And the puffing of the engine,
Think to bid to it defiance,
Think to cross the track before it.

Then Old Tommy stamps in frenzy,
Brandishes his flag about him,
Jumps until his coat-tails crackle,
And in language rich and racy,
Language full of malediction,
Full of deep vituperation,
Full of picturesque profaneness,
Shouts until the air is lurid,
Blocks the reckless student's pathway,
Awes the boldest to submission,
Stoutly guards the sacred crossing!

"Joint Stock Poetry Company, Limited."

"ALL ABOUT MILLIKIN"

Where is Millikin?

In the mighty Prairie State,
On the quiet Sangamon,
Stands a city strong and great,
Named to commemorate
A famous Commodore—
There's Millikin!

Who is Millikin?

He's a man of heart and brain
Warm enough and big enough
To proffer all his wealth and gain
For higher education
Of eager, striving youth—
That's Millikin!

What is Millikin?

She's a rising Varsity,
Holding high the standard of
Science and Philosophy;
Loyal to the trinity
Of art and life and truth—
That's Millikin!

Now you know who!
Now you know what!
And now you know where
Millikin stands and what she is doing;
Tho' she's a co-ed, there's little of wooing,
But plenty of work and plenty a 'brewing,
In Millikin!

Alma Mater, Hail!
Dear Prairie Queen!
Thus with lusty shouts
Faithful and brave, thy loyal children greet Thee.
In the white and the blue, so pure and so true,
May thy tender love ever enfold me.
My Millikin!

THL CHARGE OF THE PHILO BRIGADE

Down the stairs! Down the stairs!
Down the stairs, Onward!
Toward the assembly hall
Strode the half-hundred.
"Forward, Oh Philo's brave!
Forward!" our Bankson said;
Oh, the wild yell they gave.
Happy half-hundred.

'Forward, Philo's brave!
Was there a coward knave
Dar'd disobey the word
In that half-hundred?
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to go, and die
True Philomatheans,
Noble half-hundred.

Singing to the right of them,
Yelling to the left of them,
Howling in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with song and yell,
Boldly they marched and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Into the contest hall
Strode the half-hundred.

Flashed all their pennants fair,
Flashed as they waved in air,
Charged the Orlandians, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged right into the fight,
Bearing the red and white;
Frightened Orlandians
Reeled at the dreaded sight,
Shattered and sundered.
* * * * * * *
Then they came out again,
Downcast half-hundred.

Singing to right of them,
Yelling to left of them,
Howling behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with song and yell,
They that had yelled so well
Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
Brave old half-hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Next year who'll be afraid?
Then will "big O's" be laid
In their eternal grave.
Honor the Philos brave,
Noble half-hundred.

—R. R. Turner.

IN THE LAND OF JAPAN

(With Compliments to Masuji Matsumoto)

If I could but visit the Sunrise Land
That lies away over the sea,
Perhaps I could very well understand
Some things that seem strange to me.

Chorus—Inthe land of Japan o'er the sea,
There's a wise little Japanee
He waves a large fan, as he gracefully can,
And reads backward his A, B, C.

They sit on the floor instead of chairs
With both their feet under them curled.
They make not a bit of noise anywhere;
That's the hardest thing in the world.

Together the children all loud recite,
And brother and sister will play
With the dear little babies from morn till night
And so they are happy all day.

Their houses are built of clean, yellow straw;
They leave their shoes outside the door,
For never a spot or a mark is the law
That keeps bright their beautiful floor.

TWO PICTURES FROM THE TRAVEL BOOK OF CHARLES N. LANPHERE

PICTURE ONE.

Our last Morning at Sea.

A sun-rise on a clear morning at sea, is one of the most impressive, and one of the most beautiful sights that ever greeted human vision, and not least among the pleasures of our voyage are the several splendid sun-rises which we have seen.

In the early morning light, the sea-surface which by day shows so many variants of green, is very dark—nearly black, as though the darkness of night instead of lifting from over the waters was settling beneath them. The horizon line is scarcely distinguishable, save in the east where down against the darkly wrinkled sea the sky shows a faint trace of gray, which as we watch it, changes slowly to a hue of golden yellow, and the water against it, gradually loses its sombre inky hue; this magic-like transformation goes on—the sky deepening in color from yellow to red, until we catch the first rays of the sun as they shoot across the waters, cresting its millions of waves with gold.

When we came on deck early on the morning of our last day at sea, a scene of extraordinary interest awaited us. Away to our left, with the inland mountains rising behind them in the distance, were the craggy shores of Scotland.

To our right, so near that we could see the cottages on the shore, was the coast of Ireland.

It was just before sun-rise and there were only two other persons on deck; both were men with whom I had, during the past few days, become well acquainted, and knowing the circumstances under which each was making the voyage, I was not surprised to find them there. One stood with his face toward the "Land of the Heather." The other was looking toward the "Isle of the Shamrock." Each was looking upon the land of his birth, one after forty, the other after fifty years exile.

I should have liked to read the thoughts of those sober faced men, as they stood there, looking upon the old home shores which they had left in the far-away morning of their lives.

We were passing an Irish coast-village, from which the sound of a fisherman's horn came clearly out to us across the waters, suggesting the opening lines of the old Irish song—

"Kathleen Mavourneen the gray dawn is breaking,
The song of the hunter is heard on the hill."

As these and the ensuing sweet, sad words—

"It may be for years, and it may be for ever."

came to mind, I thought of the conversations I used to enjoy in my boyhood, with the old Irish people in my native village.

I remembered how their hearts would grow warm; and how their eyes would often become dim with tears, as they told me of Ireland which they, in far exile, never ceased to love, and to whose green shores, now before me, their thoughts so often turned, with the never-to-be satisfied longing, to look upon them once more.

I thought of Ireland in her days of past glory: of her romance, her oppression and sorrows—all familiar to me through the pages of history, but never so deeply impressed as when I looked upon her sloping, wave-lapped shores.

We were further from the Scotch coast, and her shores were less distinct than those of Ireland; yet in the distance they were very impressive against their dark mountain background.

Rich indeed were the historic, romantic and literary asociations that our passing view of Scotland recalled: the country for which Bruce had bled; the land whose folk-lore had inspired to action the wizard pen of Scott, and the rustic beauty of which the whole world has read in the immortal verse of Burns; the home-land of Highland Mary, and sweet Annie Lawrie, whose names are sung in every clime.

PICTURE TWO.

Our First Evening in England.

Our first night in England was spent in the quiet old city of Chester. It was evening when we arrived, and we went at once to a small inn which had been recommended to us by a fellow-traveller. The inn was exactly what we had wished; small, quiet and more like a private home than like a hostelry. After inspecting the room assigned us, with its ancient high-post beds, open fire-place and glittering candle sticks, we went down to the inn parlor to wait for supper.

The parlor was a large, comfortable room, with dark, heavy furnishings. The evening was damp, and there was a glowing fire in the fire-place, which gave both warmth and light to the room. Before this open fire we sat, and enjoyed such an hour, and such a scene as Dickens has so often described.

Our table was spread near the fire, and a savory smell crept in, very welcomly from the adjoining room.

The uncertain light of the fire only half revealed the various features of the room, leaving wide scope for speculation and stimulating the imagination into fullest play.

The absolute silence of the place was broken, only by the crackling of the fire, the singing of the tea-kettle on the hearth and the slow ticking of the great black clock—three of the least disturbing, and most companionable sounds in the world, blended into a delightful domestic symphony.

The little white-aproned waiting maid soon tripped in on tiptoe, as though reluctant to disturb our meditations—arranged our meal, and quietly withdrew. We had refused her offer of candles, and in the fire-light we sat down to our first supper in old England.

We were apparently the only guests, and had the parlor to ourselves.

After tea we again resumed our places before the fire, in the now flickering light of which the room and its quaint furnishings, looked like a phantom picture, in which the different objects seemed fantastic, and illusionary rather than real. There was a small piano of antique design, which, as I ran my fingers over its keys, responded in tones of thin and plaintive quality, bespeaking great age and much use, reminding me of the piping voice which I have heard from some old person who had reached that sad stage of life known as second childhood.

There was something very pathetic in the feeble tones of this old instrument, from which, like the "Harp in Tara's Hall" the soul of music had fled, that reminded me of the dead fingers that had once pressed those worn keys, and of the now silent voices which had blended with its tones during its years of beauty long ago.

Over the old fire-place hung a battered warrior's shield of ancient mould, and crossed beneath it were two heavy, tarnished swords. What part these old relics of war, had played in national or individual history, in the middle ages to which they belonged, we could only conjecture; the dents and nicks that scared them seemed to indicate that they had not always hung so passively on the wall.

In its corner, behind us, the "grandfather's clock" slowly ticked its—"never, forever, forever, never," in precisely the same voice with which it might have been speaking for three hundred years. So antique was the room and all of its visible furnishings, that I fancied that if a guest of a hundred years ago, were to come to life and find himself before the fire, he would see nothing strange or new about him—that he might spend his evening there, take his candle and go to his bed without having seen any evidence of a hundred years of progress, or discovering that the old tall clock had ticked off a century during his absence.

—Charles N. Lanphere.

LECTURE COURSES.

1903-1904.

Lotus Glee Club
Carolyn Maybelle Church
Lyman Abbott
Walter Wellman
Ottokar Malek

1904-1905.

Nat M. Brigham
Haskell Indian Band
A. E. Winship
Bohumi Kryl
Sybil Sammis
Will Carleton

"As You Like It," presented in the afternoon on the Campus. Ben Greet Company. "Twelfth Night," at night.

1905-1906.

Marshall Darrach
Mrs. Beecher
Lenora Jackson
Charles E. Clark
Helen Brown-Read
Charles Battell Loomis
Jerome K. Jerome

Fraternities

KAPPA DELTA CHI

(Local)

ESTABLISHED APRIL 12, 1904.

COLORS

Orange and Blue.

Patron, Dr. J. D. Rodgers.

Faculty Member, Mr. H. H. Kaeuper.

Seniors

James D. Moses — W. R. McGaughey

Juniors

J. Arthur Moore — Wm. P. Stevenson — Forrest File

Horace W. McDavid — Harry N. Humphrey — Charles A. Post

Keach Bone — Hazelton Daniels

Dwight E. Young — Edgar L. Auer

SOPHOMORES

Jesse M. Corzine — Norman J. Sansom — Hiram M. Shumway

FRESHMEN

Hubert K. Davenport — G. A. Gilman — John C. McLean

PLEDGE

James E. Wasem

BONE GILMAN STEVENSON DANIELS WASEM

HUMPHREY YOUNG SHUMWAY DAVENPORT McDAVID CORZINE

SANSOM KAEUPER MOORE MOSES FILE AUER McGAUGHEY

ALPHA SIGMA THETA.

Established James Millikin University, October 6, 1904.

Patron: Dr. T. W. Galloway.

Alumni.

Edward L. King, B. S.

Fratres in Absentia.

Leonard H. Cassity, Jr.

Ansel H. Magill, Jr.

H. O. Smith, Soph.

Fratres in Universitate.

Juniors

Ellis E. Bankson. Edgar D. Morrow,

Ray Oliphant

Sophomores.

L. Park Ritz, Orris Bennett,

Lyman Smith, Clinton C. Morgan

George Ewing.

Freshmen.

Emil H. Summers, Harry Baxter,

Lloyd S. Wallace.

PLEDGES.

Walter F. Isaacs, Frank R. Merris.

Verne Ross. (In Absentia).

Colors, Gray and Black. Flower, Violet.

Bennett Wallace Ritz Summers Bankson

Morrow Oliphant L. Smith H. Smith

I. T. G. O. S. T.

Organized October 15, 1903.

Patron—Wm. C. Stevenson.

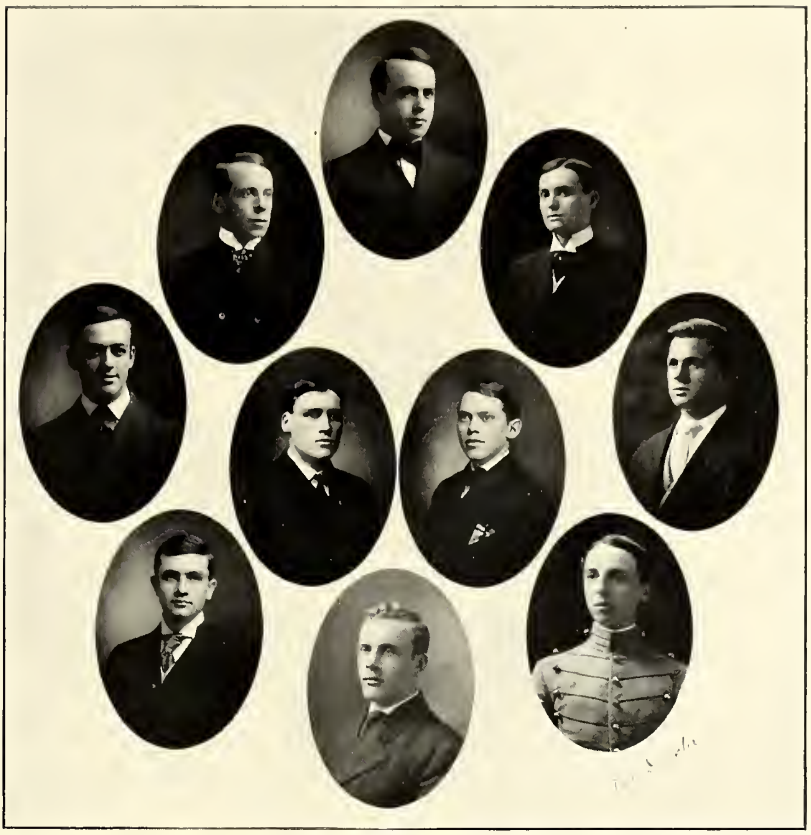
Colors— Red and Blue.

Fratres in Urbe.

John Fred Schudel
Robert Benton
Julius Young
Arthur E. Wilson
Harry B. Crea

Fratres in Schola.

Hugh Crea
Frank Hunter
Fred Benton
Joe Williamson
Sam Powers
Kent Williamson



Schudel Powers R. Benton

Hugh Crea F. Benton Young J. B. Williamson

K. Williamson Wilson Harry Crea

CHI-SIGMA PHI.

Advisor.

DR. J. B. SHAW.

Patronesses.

MRS. JAMES MILLIKIN.

Mrs. J. B. Shaw,
Mrs. Will Coonradt,
Mrs. C. J. McConnell,
Mrs. T. T. Roberts,
Mrs. T. J. Galloway,
Mrs. W. G. Bachman,
Mrs. Luther Martin,
Mrs. C. J. Van Deventer,
Mrs. W. C. Stevenson,
Mrs. Joseph Miller,
Mrs. Will McBride,
Mrs. M. W. Shultz.

MEMBERS.

Seniors,

Ethel Yanders,

Juniors.

Ethel Bumgarner,
Jessie Lichtenberger,
Anna Magill,
Judith Mills,
Ida Diller,
Daisy Payne,

Specials.

Clara Taylor,
Nora Camp,

Sophomores.

Mary Kincaid
Leoti Swearingen
Nola Treat
Florence Dearth

Pledge

Bertha McClelland

Colors—Gold and white.

Freshmen

Georgia Donaldson
Eula McCown
Ethel Rogers
Helen Mills
LaRue Neisler

Colors—Gold and White.

Flower—Chrysanthemum.

Rogers Taylor McCown Neisler Payne H. Mills Donaldson Judith Mills Swearingen Diller Kincaid

Treat Dearth Lichtenberger Camp Yanders Magill

D E L T A T H E T A P S I

ESTABLISHED OCT. 1st, 1904.

Patron:

Mr. and Mrs. Dickey.

———

Sorores in Urbe

Alice Baker Olga Keck

Kittie Taylor

———

Sorores in Facultate

Lucy Penhallegon Ella Cockrell

———

Sorores Absentate

Katherine Barnett Candace Cloyd

Bessie Lamb Marguerite Grey

Mrs. Jessie Lemmon Lambert Maude Young

———

Sorores in Universitate

Ehrma Anderson Mary Poor

Ruth Bicknell Dorothy Pyatt

Verna Brooks Gladys Smith

May Field Katheryn Troutman

Catherine Taylor—Pledge.

Grey Cloyd Bicknell K. Taylor C. Taylor Lemon

Barnett Lamb Brooks Young Poor Cockrell

Baker Field Keck Penhallegon Troutman Pyatt Anderson Smith

P H I D E L T A P I

Zeta Chapter.

Zeta chapter of Phi Delta Pi was established at The Millikin University, October 21st, 1903, by two members of the Supreme Chapter, who came up from St. Louis and initiated four girls.

Since then the work has gone steadily forward and now there are eleven members in the Chapter.

Last year, through the kindness of President Taylor, the girls were given a room in the building which they have furnished and made very attractive.

Colors—Black and Gold

Flower—Black-eyed-Susan.

Active Members.	Associate Members.
Lenora Allen	Mae Badenhausen
Eleanor Armstrong	Hazel Bowren
Alberta Barnes	Ellen Irish
Eloise Crea	Samuella Young
Lora Sanford Kinsman	Marie Morgan
Emily Powers	Susanne Imboden
Myra Powers	Florence Page

Kinsman M. Powers Armstrong Crea E. Powers Barnes Badenhausen Irish Allen

POWER PLANT.

Society

SOCIAL EVENTS

May 26, 1905—May Festival of the Y. W. C. A. on the Campus.
Y. W. C. A. Booth—Fancy Work.
Delta Theta Psi Booth—Coffee, pickles and sandwiches.
Phi Delta Pi Booth—Candy.
Chi Sigma Phi Booth—Ices and Cake.
Music by the University Band.

June 1, 1905—Battalion Banquet at the St. Nicholas hotel.

June 8, 1905—Junior Banquet to the Seniors at the Decatur hotel.
Toastmaster—Dr. Galloway.
Responses—
Ray Oliphant
Ada Lindsay
Prof. W. C. Stevenson
Mr. Adolph Mueller
President A. R. Taylor

Sept. 15, 1905—Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. reception to students in the reception rooms of the University.
Receiving Line—
President and Mrs. A. R. Taylor,
Miss Mary Poor,
Dr. and Mrs. T. W. Galloway,
Mr. Jas. D. Moses,
Music by the Conklin Orchestra.

Sept. 29, 1905—Battalion Promenade.

Oct. 31, 1905—Hallow'een party for the students in the lower corridors of the University.

Dec. 15, 1905—Senior reception in the main corridors of the University to college students and faculty.
Receiving line—Pres. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Earle Bryant, Miss Anne Boyd, Mr. Ray McGaughey, Miss Trenna Miller, Mr. Jas. D. Moses.
Music—Conklin Orchestha.
Refreshments—Ices and wafers.

Feb. 16, 1906—Senior Academy reception to the Academy students.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Sigma Theta.

Thanksgiving Day—Dinner and Tally-ho party in honor of out-of-town friends attending Millikin—Shurtleff football game.
Farewell party for Mr. H. O. Smith.
Informal banquet for Mr. Orris Bennett after the Brown contest.

April 27—Annual party at the Decatur hotel.

Kappa Delta Chi.

Informal dinner party to friends at Fraternity House.
Smoker to members of football team at close of season.

Feb. 1—Farewell dinner for Messrs. File and Stevenson.
Progressive dominoe party.
Fraternity dance at Castle Hall.

May 2nd—Annual banquet and reception at the St. Nicholas Hotel and Guards' Armory.

SORORITIES.

Phi Delta Pi

Pink tea party given by Miss Emily Powers. Decorations pink carnations and smilax.

Weekly teas at the homes of the girls.

Delta Theta Psi.

Oct. 31st—Hallow'een party in the nature of a progressive dinner.
Firct course—Miss Kittie Taylor's.
Second course—Miss Katherine Troutman's.
Third course—Miss Alice Baker's.
Fourth course—Miss Erma Anderson's.
Fifth course—Miss Olga Keck's.

Thanksgiving holidays—Two receptions, a dinner party and numerous informal affairs in honor of out-of-town members.

Feb. 12th—At home to the Phi Delta Pi.

Feb. 26th—At home to the Chi Sigma Phi.

May 7th—Annual reception and dinner party at the home of Miss May Field.

Chi Sigma Phi.

Christmas tree party at the home of Miss Daisy Payne. Decorations evergreen, holly and mistletoe. Souvenirs, boxes of candy.

Regular chafing dish parties and slumber parties at the homes of the girls.

May 18th—Annual party at the Decatur Hotel.

SPOONER'S CLUB

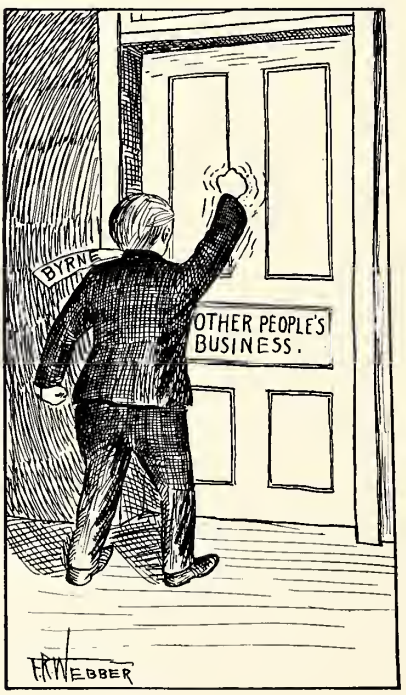
President—Kent Williamson.
Vice President—Dorothy Pyatt.
Secretary—Clinton Morgan.
Assistant Secretary—Murle Armstrong.
Marshals—"Tony" Humphrey. "Tiny" Lichtenberger.

Active Members.

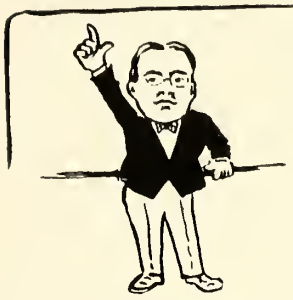
Hazelton Daniels	Mae McReynolds
Park Ritz	
Hugh Crea	"Blossom" Field
Dougald Gordon	Gertrude Mills
Horace McDavid	Mary Hostetler
"Bill" Sears	Anna Magill

KNOCKER'S CLUB.

John Byrne, President
Florence Jones, Vice President
Arthur Van Guilder, Chief Adviser
E. Starr Cole
Hubert K. Davenport
Cascar Whitehouse



CONFLICT OF FEELING. CONTESTS



FIRST ANNUAL PRIZE CONTEST.

Original Story.

"The Hero of a Modern Exodus."
Miss Hope Finfrock

"The Spirit of Peace."
Miss Isabel Bumgarner

"The Mist on the Sea."
Miss Letha Patterson

Debate.

Resolved: That Congress should establish a commission with power to fix railroad freight rates, such rates to go into force at once and remain in force until changed by the U. S. Supreme Court.

Affirmative—E. Starr Cole, Horace McDavid.

Negative—H. Guy Porter, Orris Bennett.

Winners.

Story—Miss Isabel Bumgarner.

Debate—Messrs. Cole and McDavid.

THE INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST

The first annual contest between the Orlandian and Philomathean Literary Societies took place March 30, in the Assembly hall. It was the occasion of one of the greatest displays of college spirit the University has ever seen. The excitement began to be evidenced early in the week and gathered new force every day until it was without bounds on the eventful evening. During the week both societies held mass meetings, day and night, at which pennants and other decorations were made, and songs and yells written. On the afternoon of the 30th, the Philos scented mischief, and tracked it to the room above the Assembly hall. They knew that an Orlandian had locked himself in there for some purpose and so they propped and nailed the door shut. He remained thus until dangerously near the hour for the contest, and then the janitor took the hinges off the door and freed the victim.

At the appointed hour the two societies turned out in full force. The Philomatheans occupied the east side of the auditorium and the Orlandians the west, both sides having elaborately decorated the sections reserved for them, with their colors. The societies simply took possesion of things, first one and then the other singing or yelling, answering song with song and yell with yell, the audience looked on with evident enjoyment and wonder as to what would come next. The enthusiasm knew no bounds, increasing with each new number on the program until right in the midst of this excitement, the secret which the Philos had been pre-

vented from exposing by an over-watchful janitor, leaked out. The ceiling opened and a stream of yellow confetti came down and a big Orlandian pennant unrolled and hung suspended from the middle of the ceiling. During the crucial moment when the judges were comparing notes, the Philos gave a rousing yell for Linn & Scruggs.

The prize for the contest was a handsome art piece offered by Linn & Scruggs Company for the hall of the society winning the greater number of points in recitation, original story, oration, and debate, the subjects counting one, two, three, and five points respectively. The program and contestants were as follows:

Voice—

"An Irish Love Song" — Lang

"Mattinata" — Tosti

Mr, Arthur VanCleve

Recitation—"The Sign of the Cross" — Wilson Barrett

Miss Belle Uhler, Philomathean

"Marse Chan, or a Tale of Old Virginia"

Thos. Nelson Page

Mr. Harry Humphrey, Orlandian

Original Story—"An Old-Time Apple Parin' "

Mr. Keach Bone

Orlandian

"The New Messenger Boy"

Miss Bonnie Blackburn

Philomathean

Violin—Walter's Prize Song from "Die Miesteringer."

Wagner-Wilhem

Miss Olga Keck

Oration—"The Age of the Young Man" — Mr. H. Guy Porter

Orlandian

"The Man of the People" — Mr. Orris Bennett

Philomathean

Voice—

"The Dawn" — D'Hardelot

"Serenata — Tosti

Mr. Charles F. Recold.

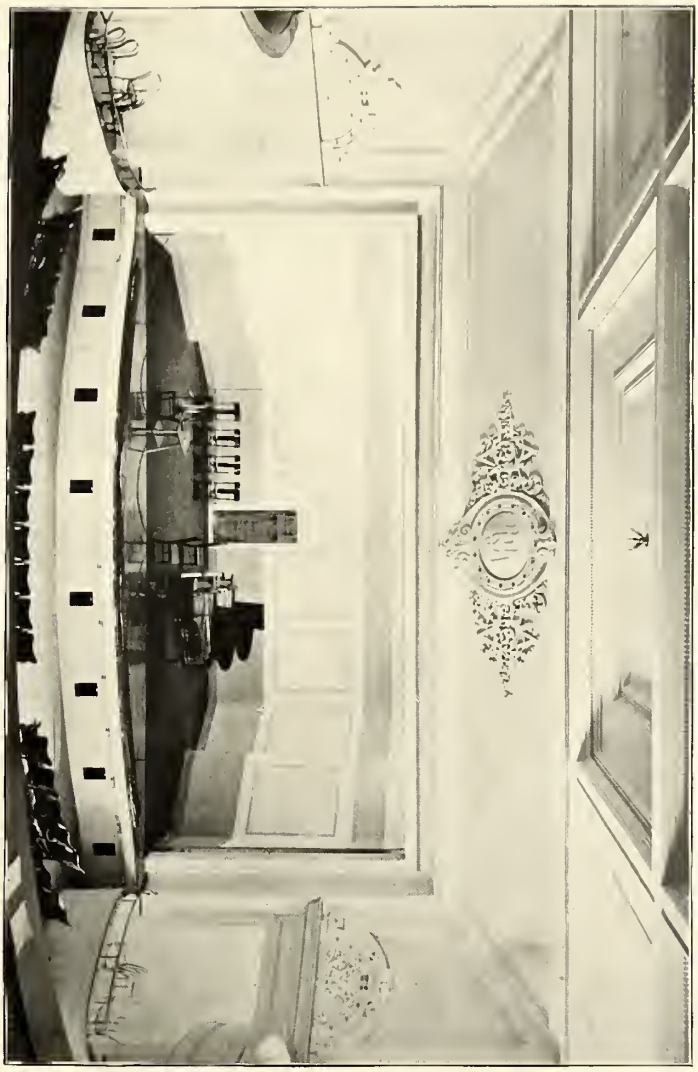
Debate—"Resolved: That municipal corporations should own and control public utilities such as light, heat, water and street railways.

Affirmative—Orlandian: H. W. McDavid, E. Starr Cole.

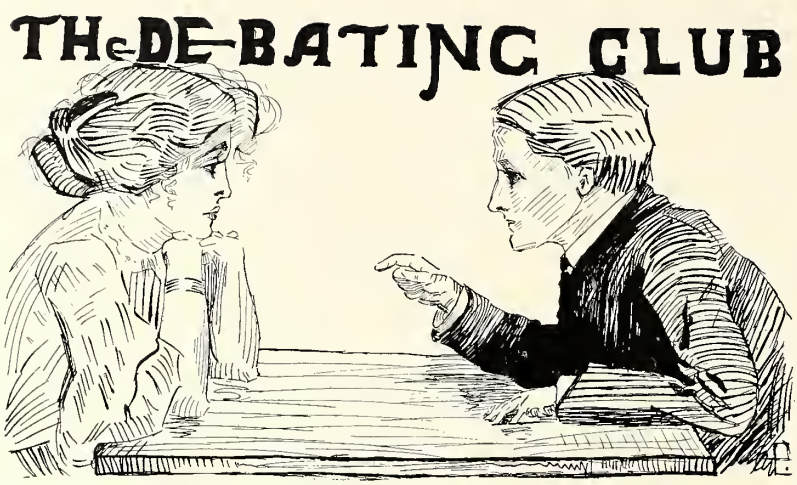
Negative—Philomathean: Don R. Lehman, E. D. Morrow.

"Echoes of Spring" — Society Quartets

The judges awarded the recitation to the Orlandians, the original story to the Philomatheans, and the oration and debate to the Orlandians, givng the Orlandians a total of nine points, and the Philomatheans two. Although the score looked one-sided, the contest was really exceptionally close throughout.



INTERIOR VIEW OF CHAPEL



MEMBERS OF THE DEBATING CLUB

Orris Bennett, President

William Banfill

E. Starr Cole

Oscar Drysdale

George Ewing

C. Barber Freeland

Horace McDavid

Jas. D. Moses

H. Guy Porter

Chas. Post

Frank Sheffler

Hiram Shumway

Arhur VanCleve

CHAPTER III. WILL.

Physical Control.

A T H L E T I C S

The rapid rise into prominence of the Athletic Association of The James Millikin University, due to the records of the teams she has produced, has only been excelled by that of the institution which she has represented upon the athletic field. The earlier part of our brief history, while frequently marked by the disappointments of defeat, was always, as it is at present, characterized by a determination to learn from each contest, and having learned, to win greater success in the next. It is this spirit which has raised the Association from a position where she had to beg for games with other institutions, to her present position where the U. of I. feels it advisable to put her best team in the field to defeat her and then only wins baseball 4-1. (April 7.)

The first step in the history of Athletics at Millikin University took place the second day after the opening of the first year, when a black haired, broad shouldered, lean individual marched into the Chemical Lecture room. Seating himself upon the writing tablet of a chair, he bemoaned the lack of "College Spirit" which up to that time had been marked by a corresponding lack of athletic interest. When he left, after a short conversation, the instructor wondered what degree of enthusiasm he had finally come across. This young man's efforts, with those of a few others who also become prominent in this direction, soon resulted in the formation of the Athletic Association, and also a call for candidates for the football team. Among the more prominent names of the first year are those of Auer, Crea, File, Grubel, Keeton, King, Lehman, Masterson, McCullom, McDavid, Moore, Morrow, Moses, Powers and Sprague.

After a few evenings of practice Masterson was elected captain by the football squad and the Association chose McCullom manager and Dr. Meserve as coach. Dr. Meserve really occupied the position of head coach and directed his efforts mainly toward keeping the team together and full of enthusiasm and helping a little with the coaching, while the active coaching was carried out by Dr. Rogers at first, and later by Mr. Keeton and Captain Masterson. The writer feels that the success of the first football season, and it was a success, was due to the coaching of Mr. Keeton and the enthusiasm and loyalty of the squad.

Those who were not active in the affairs of the Association can hardly realize the difficulties and discouragements of that first season. With no Alumni, no traditions, no school spirit, only a small per cent of students above the Freshman class, and no reputation to draw other teams here, or to draw support from the town's people, it was surely an uphill fight. Amid such discouragements all the more credit is due the team for holding together and continually putting up a better and better game.

Early in the winter the present constitution was adopted, in which the Association sanctioned the following sports; football, baseball, track, tennis, and men's and women's basket ball. Managers for the same were chosen as follows:

Football, Dow McCullom.
Baseball, Horace McDavid.
Track, Chas. Record.
Basketball, E. L. Auer.

The section managers together with the Association officers, President File, Vice President Stevenson, Secretary Miss Young, Treasurer Dyer and President Taylor, Dr. Meserve, Professor Bailey, Professor Mills, and Professor Varnum, formed the first Board of Directors.

During the first winter Professor Bailey had a class in the gymnasium and coached the basketball team. The basketball practice was carried on in what is now the pattern shop. With such a poor place it was impossible to develop the team to the extent which one would have expected from the material which offered itself, but in spite of that, the team played several very creditable games.

Don R. Lehman. Captain '04, '05, '06.

Captain Lehman organized and trained our first track team. In this he was assisted, late in the spring, by Mr. Winterbottom who was engaged by the University and the Athletic Association as instructor in gymnastics, and athletic coach. Mr. Winterbottom organized the first baseball team, of which McDavid was manager and Moses was captian. The team was severely handicapped by lack of grounds, as the Association grounds were not ready in time. Some of the practice was on Dunham's field, opposite the University where the football practice had been held, some at Fairview park and some at League park. All the home games were played at League park. The records of the season are to be found at the end of this article.

During our first summer vacation Athletics took a decided step forward when Mr. J. N. Ashmore was engaged as gymnasium director and athletic coach. Mr. Ashmore was at that time coach at the University of Washington (State). He was a former U. of I. man, and had earned an enviable reputation under Coach Huff. With the teams of the next two years Mr. Ashmore has only added to his former reputation, both as a man and as an athlete.

BASKETBALL

With an expert controlling athletics, we could not fail to have successful teams and our history of the next two years has been one of marked progress. It is so fresh in the minds of all of us that a detailed resume is unnecessary. We have had a a football team and a baseball team each season, and our field and track teams have had several unimportant contests in which they were uniformly successful. The first indoor affair was the dual meet with the local Y. M. C. A. in which we badly defeated them twice, for which we received a beautiful banner. The first college meet was with Wesleyan University of Bloomington on May 5th, 1906, in which we easily defeated them, making 83 points out of a possible 117.

The teams have all been fairly well supported by the students, but not as well as they will be as we develop traditions and school loyalty, and increase our proportion of upper classmen. An interesting fact concerning the past has been the enthusiasm of the young ladies, which has equalled, and even excelled that of the young men. Among the more prominent that should be mentioned are————. On second thought I would not run the risk that comes from "naming names."

The Association has a field leveled and tiled, and supplied with bleachers for football and baseball. Around the field is a cinder and dirt track of four and one-half laps to the mile. It also has three tennis courts, which are persistently occupied during the tennis season.

SUMMARY.

1903-4.

Pres., Forrest File
V. Pres., Wm. Stevenson
Sec'y., Miss Young
Treas., C. W. Dyer
Auditor Prof. A.T. Mills

1904-5

Pres., Forrest File
V. Pres., Wm. Stevenson
Sec'y., E. L. Auer
Treas., C. W. Dyer
Auditor, Prof. A.T. Mills

1905-6

Pres., Edgar Morrow
V. Pres., H. McDavid
Sec'y., H. Davenport
Treas., C. W. Dyer
Auditor, Prof. A.T. Mills

Managers—Football.

Dow McCullom, 1903-'04
Dow McCullom, 1904-'05
E. D. Morrow, 1905-'06
E. L. Auer, 1905-'06

Managers—Baseball

Horace McDavid, 1903-'04
W. R. McGaughey, 1904-'05
Hubert Davenport, 1905-'06

Managers—Basketball

E. L. Auer, 1903-'04
Percy House, 1904-'5

Managers—Track.

Chas. Record, 1903-'04
Edgar Morrow, 1904-'05
Ellis Bankson, 1905-'06

Faculty Treasurer.

Mr. Dyer, 1903-'04
Mr. Dyer, 1904-'05
Mr. Dyer, 1905-'06

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

1903-'04	1904-'05	1905-'06
Above Officers	Above Officers	Above Officers
Pres. Taylor	Pres. Taylor	Pres. Taylor
Dr. Meserve	Dr. Meserve	Dr. Meserve
Prof. Bailey	Prof. Bailey	Prof. Varnum
Prof. Varnum	Prof. Varnum	Prof. Mills
Prof. Mills	Prof. Mills	Prof. Jones
Mr. Winterbottom	Mr. Ashmore	Mr. Ashmore
Coach	Coach	Coach

HORACE McDAVID, Captain '04

SAMUEL POWERS, Captain '05

PERSONEL OF THE FOOTBALL TEAMS

1903	1904	1905
L. E. McCullom	McDavid, (Captain)	McDavid
L. T. Galbraith	Galbraith	Waddell
L. G. King	Ross	Richmond
	File	
C. Crea	Alberts	Redmond
R. G. File	Beall	Kaeuper
		Williamson
R. T. Powers	Tobias	Powers (Captain).
R. E. McDavid	Rankins	Cope
		Williamson
Q. Keeton	Crea	Crea
L.H. Masterson, (Capt.)	Powers	Moeller
R. H. Sprague	Moses	Beatty
	House	Moses
F. B. Moore	Moore	Moore
		Moses
Sub.		
Gilliland	Keeton	Record
Sears	McCullom	Wilson
Daniels	Corzine	Stevenson

RESULT OF GAMES.

FOOTBALL

1903

Illinois College	22
Millikin	0
Bement Indeptndents	0
Millikin	28
Normal	11
Millikin	0
Illinois College	18
Millikin	0
Charleston	12
Millikin	0

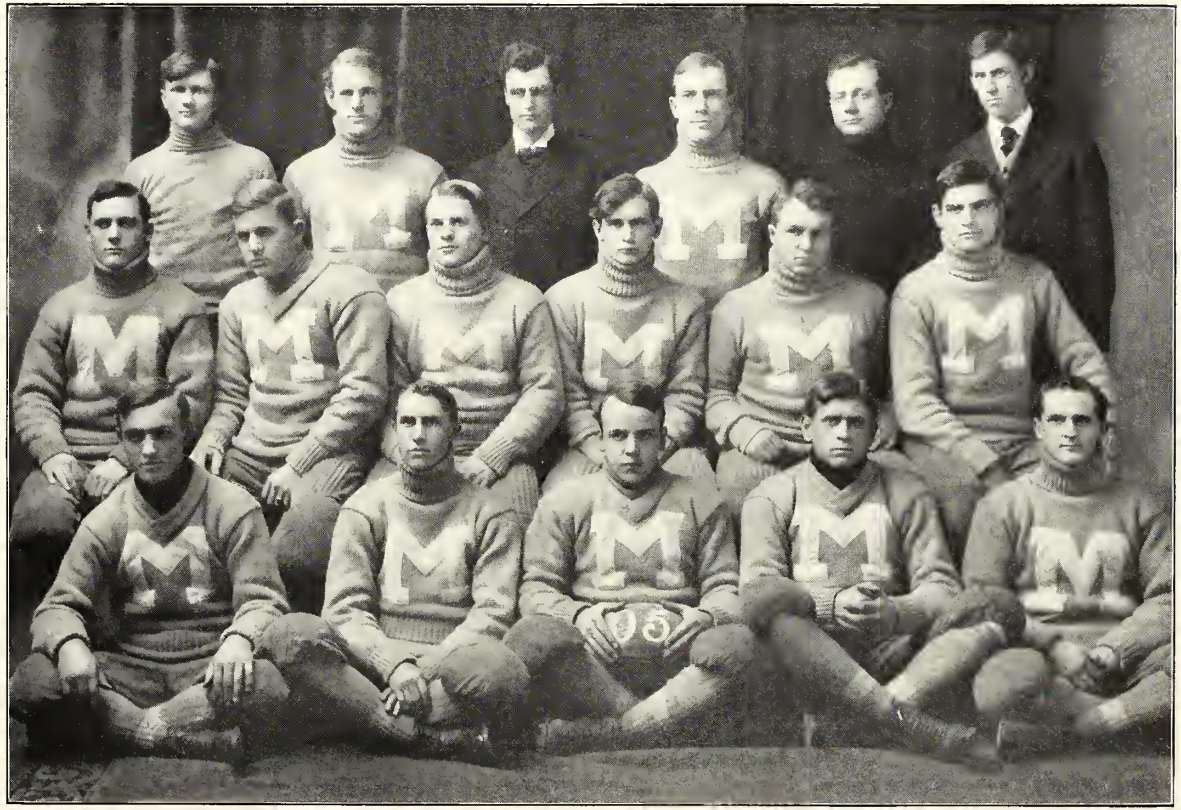
ARTHUR MOORE, Captain '06.

1904

Tuscola High	0
Millikin	21
Charleston Normal	6
Millikin	0
Normal	0
Millikin	17
Illinois College	12
Millikin	16
Lombard	0
Millikin	40
Charleston Normal	4
Millikin	0
Rose Poly	22
Millikin 6	6
Wesleyan	0
Millikin	34
Total points	
Millikin	134
Opponents	44

1905

Newman A. A.	0
Millikin	6
Charleston Normal	0
Millikin	33
Rose Polly	11
Millikin	6
Lombard	0
Millikin	17
Wesleyan	6
Millikin	30
Charleston Normal	0
Millikin	4
Monmouth	35
Millikin	0
Shurtleff	0
Millikin	16
Total points	
Millikin	112
Opponents	52



'VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1905.

Wilson Beatty Ashmore (Coach) Moses Record Morrow (Manager)
Moore Williamson Kaeuper Redmon Richmond Waddell
Crea Cope Powers (Captain) Moeller McDavid

SCRUB FOOT BALL TEAM, 1905.

Lehman Bridges Burrows Mueller
Martin Sansom King Edmondson
Devore Dappert Ewing (Captain) Bell

BASE BALL

JAS. D. MOSES CAPT, '04, '05.

Personel Base Ball Teams

	1904	1905	1906
Catcher	Moses	Moeller	Moses
First B	Wilson	R. McGaughey	McGaughey (Captain)
Second B .	Schudel	D. McGaughey	Hamilton
Third B.	Snyder	Moses (Captain)	Freeland
Short S.	Geo. Wasem	Wood	J. Wasem
Left F.	House	House	Smith Stocks
Center F.	McGregory	Schudel	Moeller
Right F.	McDavid	Stocks McDavid	McDavid
Pitcher	Hill	Hill Stocks Ritz	Dimmitt Smith
Subs.	Tankersley Simcox		Evans

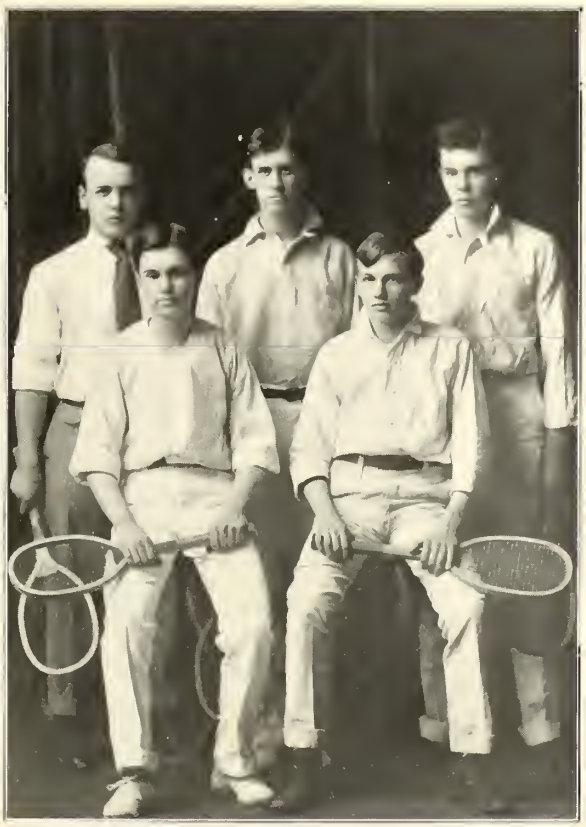
W. R. McGAUGHEY, Capt. '06

RESULT OF GAMES.

1904		1905		1906	
Wesleyan	7	University of I.	11	Uni of I.	4
Millikin	6	Millikin	0	Millikin	1
Eureka	5	Rose Poly	5	Wesleyan	4
Millikin	8	Millikin	1	Millikin	8
Illinois College	3	DePauw	6	DePauw	0
Millikin	16	Millikin	7	Millikin	5
Jacksonville Mutes	12	Wesleyan	0	Knox	0
Millikin	16	Millikin	9	Millikin	7
Knox	8	Uni. of Neb.	3	Uni. of Neb.	5
Millikin	0	Millikin	4	Millikin	8
Rose Paly	10	DePauw	4	Monmouth	1
Millikin	6	Millikin	9	Millikin	5
		Rose Poly	2	Knox	
		Millikin	0	Millikin, (12 innings)	2
		Charleston Normal	0	Wesleyan	1
		Millikin	8	Millikin	7
		Wesleyan	8	DePauw	7
		Millikin	9	Millikin	4
		Knox	5	Indiana Normal	1
		Millikin	1	Millikin	4
		Bradley	8		
		Millikin	9		

BASEBALL TEAM, 1906.

Moses McGaughey (Captain) Ashmore (Coach) Smith Demmitt
Hamilton McDavid Wasem Moeller Evans Freeland

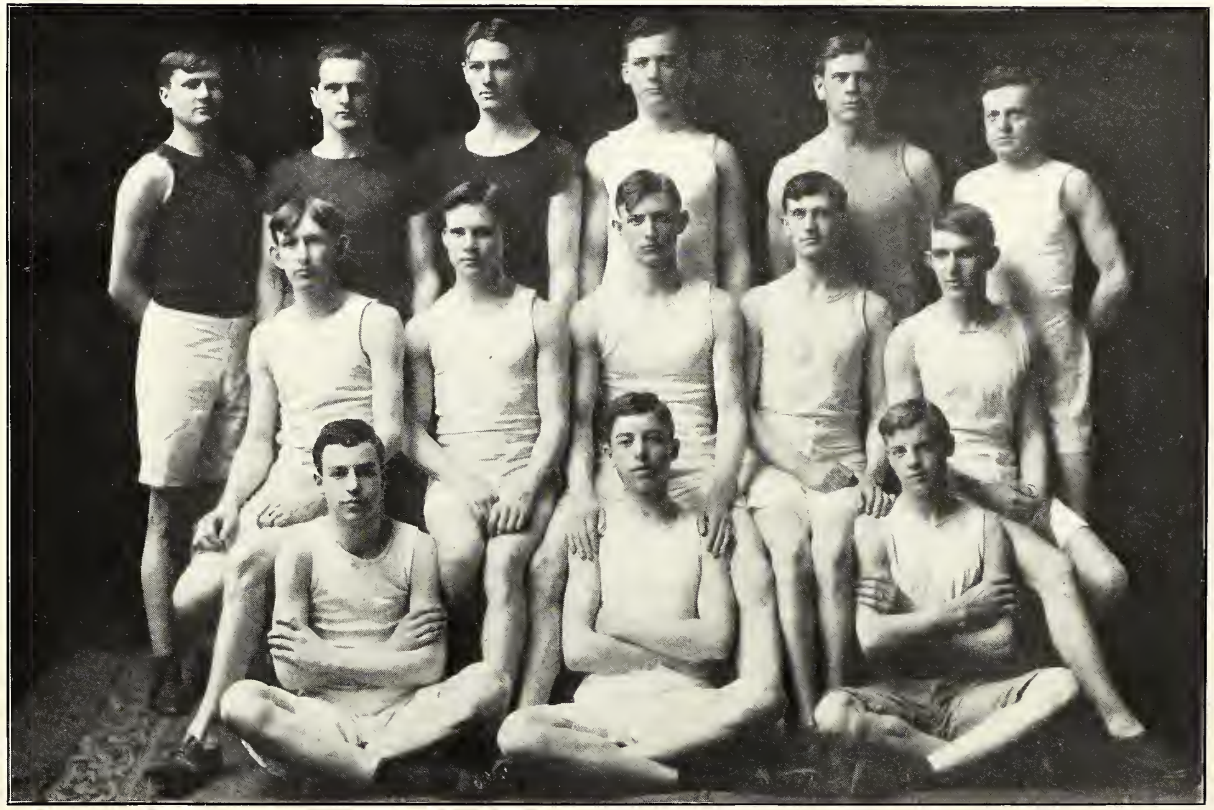


Powers Morrow Wallace

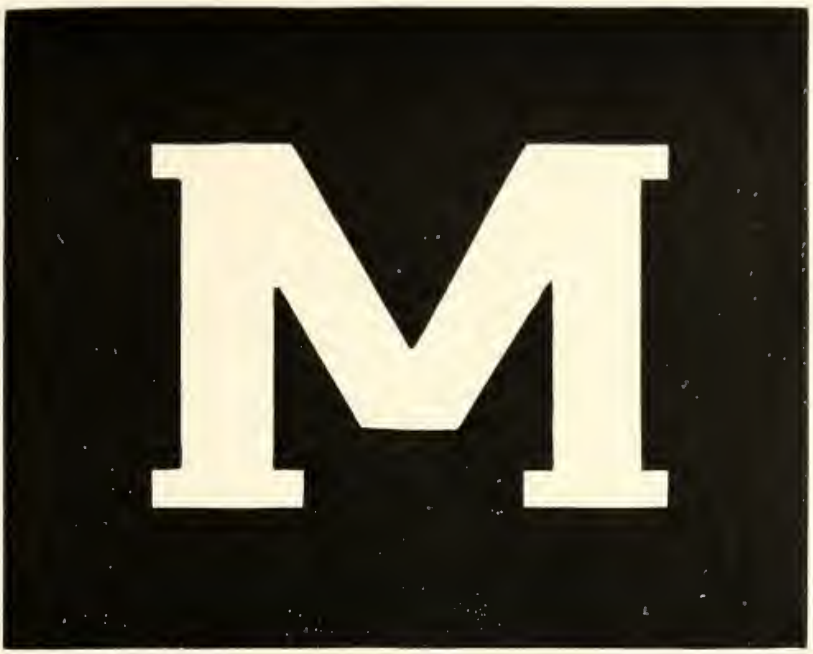
Rundel Summers

Interest in tennis has taken a boom at Millikin University this year. As yet no match games have been played with other college teams, though several games have been played with local teams which have served to arouse enthusiasm in this line of athletics.

This seems to be the most popular game for both boys and girls and since spring has opened up, the courts have been alive with players. In all there are about seventy-five active tennis players in the institution.



Wilson McDavid Freeland Moore Moeller Padon
Porter Lehman (Captain) Davenport Bankson (Manager) Nitchals
Sturm Cobb Evans



OFFICIAL WEARERS

FOOTBALL

1903	1904	1905
Crea	Crea	Beatty
File	Galbarith	Cope
Galbraith	House	Crea
Grubel	McDavid	Kaeuper
Gilliland	Moore	McDavid
Keeton	Powers	Moore
King	Rankins	Moeller
Masterson		Moses
McCullom		Powers
McDavid		Redmond
Moore		Richmond
Powers		Waddell
Sprague		Williamson

BASEBALL

1904	1905	1906
Hill	Hill	Dimmitt
House	House	Hamilton
McGregory	Moeller	Freeland
McDavid	Moses	McDavid
Moses	McGaugrey, W. R	McGaughey,
Schudel	McGaughey, D. S.	Moeller
Wasem	McDavid	Moses
	Schudel	Smith
	Stocks	Stocks
	Wood	Wasem

TRACK.

1906
Davenport
Freeland
Lehman
McDavid
Moeller
Morrow
Porter
Shumway
Van Guilder

SENSUOUS IMPULSES

FACULTY FLOWER BED.

Dr. Meserve

Mrs. Mary Chambers	Marigold
Mr. Kaeuper	Sensitive Plant
Dr. Meserve	Pop-py
President Taylor	Jack-in-the-pulpit
Mrs. Colegrove	Fleur-de-lis
Mrs. Isabelle Machan	Bluebell
Miss Allin	Bouncing Betty
Dr. Kellogg	Croc-us
Professor William Stevenson	Sweet William
Professor Meek	Touch-me-not
Miss Crandall	Smil-ax
Mr. Bransby	Dande-lion
Mr. Doran	Danffodil
Mr. Lamphere	Patience Plant
Mr. Jones	Heart's-ease
Dr. Shaw	Dock
Mr. Mills	Creeping Ivy
Dr. Rogers	Spruce
Mr. Johnston	Narcissus
Dr. Woodruff	Johnny-jump-up
Mr. Dyer	Morning Glory
Miss Steele	Goldenrod
Miss Penhallegon and Miss Lindsay	American Beauties
Mr. Ashmore	Passion Flower
Mr. Baker	Primrose
Mr. Gill	Bald-cypress
Mr. Fulcher	Sage
Mr. Dickey	Violet

Mr. Bramsbry

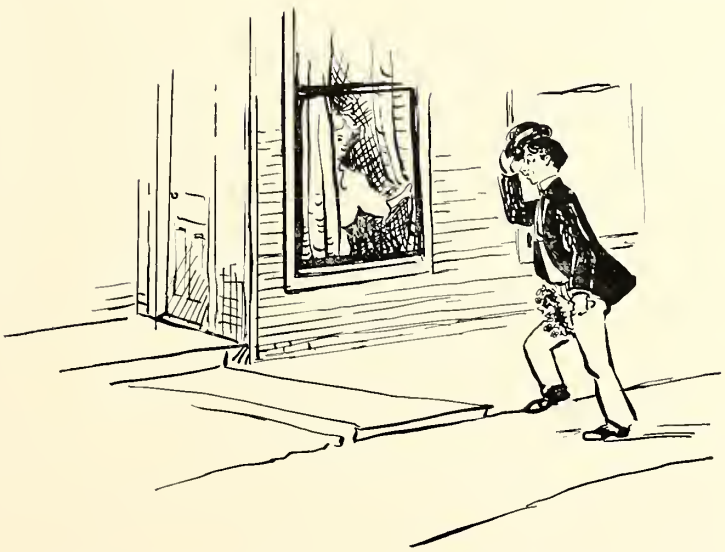
Miss Allin

Miss Steele

Dr. Rogers

Mr. Varnum	A Daisy
Miss Crooks	Bittersweet
Miss Melton	Cherry Blossoms
Mr. Hoggatt	Spring Beauty
Mr. Finfrock	Dutchman's Breeches
Miss Baker	Iris
Miss Kirk	Honeysuckle
Dr. Galloway	Oneidium ornithorhynchum

Mr. Varnum



"Business of more importance than a ball game."—Dr. Rodgers.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

In presenting this annual, which is supposed to give an adequate idea of our fair school, to the public we must not forget our Agricultural Department. It was the last department started and as yet is not very large, but it is directed by two of the most energetic men on the Faculty, and we feel sure of its success and are confident it will grow and become THE department of the school.

The board of directors, fearing we were not yet able to support a complete course in Agriculture, decided to take up only one branch and then add others to it if there was a demand and if the first proved a success.

After much discussion and debate pro and con, they hit upon the novel plan of starting a goat farm. This is something new in University lines, but we believe it will shortly be a great course. Of course the next step for the Board to take was to select the overseer. They were not long in hitting upon the right men, namely, Drs. Meserve and Shaw. Both of these gentlemen have been on our Faculty before as substitute chemical teacher and substitute mathematics teacher respectively. They were fairly successful in these lines of work but goatology seemed to be their specialty and their work in that branch since appointment has proven it. They still continue with a portion of their work in the two former branches, but at present most of their time is taken up in the goat and kid business.

They stocked their department with the best goats on the market. Goats from all points of the compass came trooping into Decatur to get a place in the department but many were rejected.

If a Billy or a Nan could show up a good pedigree it was at once assigned a stall and given a box from which to eat. A fine collection was gathered together and the work started off with fine prospects for future prominence. Many different breeds are represented, many novelties also. The numerous stalls are furnished with a shelf for the goats to get up on while they are being milked. It is said that they actually have one Nannie that gives milk on both sides. That alone is enough to establish the reputation of the school. We cannot take the time and space here in describing this as it should be described, but we make no hesitancy in inviting the attention of all energetic young people, seeking an education, to this department of our University. For full particulars send a postal card requesting a special catalog of this department, directed to the Shaw-Meserve College of Goatology, of The James Millikin University.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN, IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN"

Hebrews, 13:8.

Dr. Rogers, 357 West Eldorado street.

Mr. Kaeuper, 1186 W. Eldorado street.

Mr. Meek, 308 W. Main street.

Mr. Ashmore, 833 W. North street.

Mr. Dyer, 664 E. Cantrell street.

Mr. McDavid, 250 W. Prairie avenue.

Mr. Auer, 1051 W. Macon street.

Mr. D. Young, 936 N. Union street.

Mr. Corzine, 1044 W. Main street.

Mr. Crea, 545 W. William street.

Mr. Williamson, 1017 W. Main street.

Sorority Miss—"Why isn't it good taste to wear a watch with a dress suit?"

Frat Man—"We scarcely ever posess both at the same time."

All we ask is to be let alone.—Starr Cole and Loretta Boyd.

At the Senior Reception—Where was Moses when the lights came on?

Could I love less, I could be happier now.—George Ewing.

"Nothing like being popular with the ladies in the class."—Arthur Van Cleve.

"She heard them, but she heeded not, her heart was far away."—Ethel Bumgarner.

Mr. Baker—"Having heard that the hairs of the head are numbered, I would like to apply for a few back numbers."—

"When the sun has gone to slumber, and you've nothing else to, do
Just take your little hammer and play a tune or two."—Florence Jones.

"Oh, excuse me, you're just getting ready to go home are'nt you?" —Miss Reed.

Wozencraft and Bennett doing a fast mile.

If college bread is a four year's loaf,
Some people say 'tis so,
Pray, tell us where the flour comes from
For us who need the dough.

Oh, swiftly glides the Bonny boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the music's charming note,
Soft moves the dipping oar.
—Bonnie Blackburn's favorite poem.

And one may say that his wit shines at the expense of his memory.—Dad Richmond.

I never dare to act as funny as I can.—Georgia Allison.

"I am a fool, I know it; and yet, Heaven help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit."—Guy Roski.

STRAYED—My chessmen, sometime between January and June, 1906. The last known of them they were supposedly in safe hands. Any information leading to their recovery will be thankfully received, and the teaching of the game is offered as a reward for the same.—J. D. Rogers.

An incorrigible, spouting Dutchman.—Walter Kaeuper.

Dr. Calvert Welch Dyer, A. B.

Big John and Little Juni having a romp.

As pale and wan as ashes in his looks.—E. Starr Cole.

Wandering, roaming, witty.—Doy Romine.

"Green things won't roast."—Freshman.

Lieutenant Shumway (to Awkward Squad)—"When I say 'halt!' put the foot that is on the ground beside the foot that is in the air and stand motionless."

Profesor Stevenson—"Corzine, turn around and 'tend to your own business."
Corzine —"Can't sold out yesterday."

A Freshie—Thought he thought no thoughts.
A Soph—Thought that he thought he had no thoughts.
A Junior—Thought a thought that he thought nobody else thought.
A Senior—Thought great thoughts.

Doy Romine (in history)—"In the great fire in Charles II's reign the outside skirts of London were burned."

"Young man," said the Profesor as he grabbed a frisky Freshman by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you."
"I believe he has too," was the reply.

"I thought you took algebra last year."
Soph.—"I did, but the Faculty encored me."

"Fifteen after four-thirty."—Mr. Lehman.

Gushard's

"Everything for Women's Wear.

THE CHOICEST SPRING AND SUMMER MODELS IN TAILORED SUITS, SILK SUITS, JACKETS, SKIRTS AND SHIRT WAISTS.

RARE MILLINERY BEAUTY ALWAYS REASONABLY PRICED.

"Fear not ye, O Israel."
—Prof. Meek.

Instructor—"Stop that talking."
Student—"I'm not talking, I'm looking."
Instructor—"Then don't make your looking so audible."

Junior boy desperately trying to stand off creditor—"I'll have some money some of these times and maybe before."

First Freshie—"Gee! I haven't got the nerve to kiss a girl."
Second Freshie—"Oh, shoot! it don't take nerve, it takes cheek and she has to furnish that."

Student—"Why is the hour glass so small in the middle?"
Professor—"To show the waist of time."

Students N. B.—Put your coat and hat in the reception room—John Byrne does.

"Say, Witzemann, why don't you go out with the girls?"

Witzemann—"Well, the new girls are all too young and the old girls all know me."

A student wishing to show that he had not cheated, wrote:—"I have neither received nor given any information in this paper."

It was awfully funny, don't you know, but Verne Ross didn't attend the teachers' meeting at all. He seemed to have a predilection for West Decatur street.

"And sleepin' through the class with open eyes."—"Checkers."

"Let me have men about me."—Katharine Barnett.

CLASS SPIRIT

Prep. (picking up Caezar)—"Oh say, Latin's easy; I wish I was studying it." (reads) "Boni leges Caesaris,—bony legs of Caezar; forte dux in aro.—forty ducks in a row; cum luxi prexi,—Come lucky Prexy; —Oh say I'm going to drop German and take up Latin, —it's a cinch."

Boy's Glee Club singing—"To my lips I'd fain be pressing Thy dear hands so soft and white——"
Mr. Meek—"Can you sing it softly?"
VanCleve—"I think it's about as soft as you can get it."

Here's to the bluffers who can bluff—
Rascals hard and often tough.
And so mark others way below 'em.
Here's to the teachers who don't know 'em.

"An empty vesel makes the most noise."—Hubert Davenport.

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Men's and Young Men's

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J.D.M find a chance "Amalgamated Lumber."

Don puts his wide experience to use

Capt J.G.W is a howling success"

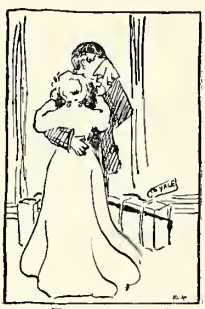
Mrs. B.U. —'s cook leaves her in the lurch.

Mlle Vanderski takes to comic opera

Rev E. B. is well beloved by all

Aunt Flossie illustrates real comfort.

"Check" gets excited.



Mrs T.M.M. — sends her son to college.

Miss Boyd and Miss Bryant find themselves rivals in profession

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Suite 308 Wiat Building.

Snap-shot of H. H. K. leading the Decatur Choral Society.

"His work engineering, his pastime, ladies."—Forrest File.

What makes the best butter?—Ask Dr. Meserve.

Teacher—"What flower does the pussy willow have on it?"

Georgette Morgan (in French class)—"The pussy willow has cat tails, don't it?"

Miss B was looking at the folders of the music cabinet for a certain song when the following conversation took place behind her:

Mr. Record—"I'll think about all you J. M. U. people next year when I'm away."

Miss L—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Mr. Record—"If that's the case, I'll love you good and hard."

Miss B (Reading from folder)—"Oh, Lord, be merciful!"

Teacher (in minerology)—"Johnny, give me the name of the largest known diamond?"

Johnny—"The Ace."

On an ocean steamer (wife)—"Shall I have your dinner brought to your room dear?"

Husband (feebly)—"No. Just order it thrown overboard."

Prof. Mills—"Miss Heaton will you cuss the manorial system?"

Cole and Moses discussing Tariff in the Political Economy class; Professor Mills looking up at the hot air shaft—"Mr. Moore, will you please shut off the hot air?"

Wise Senior—"Some modern sects believe in following the Bible in every detail, even to washing the feet at certain times."

Miss Steele in class—"Now when you want to impress your audience you will naturally throw your weight on your front feet."

Miss Allin reviews the joke column of the current periodicals.

Domestic Science Girl—"Gertrude took some baking powder to school yesterday."

Innocent Youth—"What did she want with baking powder?"

D. S. Girl—"To use in case she fell down."

Porter—"My burnsides bother me."

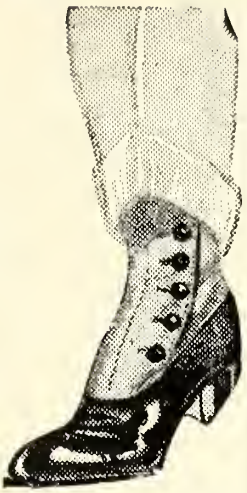
Prep. Co-Ed.—"Me too."

The stenographer struck "K" instead of "M" and in the middle of a letter to a prospective student, telling him what to do on entering the Music Department, the young gentleman was astonished to read: ——— ——— ——— Kiss Lindsay —— ——"

Mr. Dyer, telling about a bald-headed man, who never wears a hat: "Oh, you knaw who I mean—that man who goes around bald-headed all the time."

Measured by their style

these ought to be at least FIVE instead of $4.



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Prof. Fulcher, in Astronomy—"Why are the days longer in winter than in summer?"

Big John Longfellow—"Heat causes things to expand, so I suppose it acts on the days."

A thriving young Johnny named Witzemann,
Is sometimes most dreadfully odd,
He went to the Chemistry Proff.,
And said with a hollow, grim loff:
"I want my exam right away
I'm loaded as much as I durst
If I wait any longer I'll burst."

Porter, after hearing Jerome K. Jerome—"I have always heard that an Englishman can't see a joke. I have come to the conclusion that he can't tell one either."

Dr. Meserve—"What kind of an animal are you going to put in your menagerie next?"

Mrs. Colegrove—"It will not be a goat."

Mr. Dyer in clothing store—"I'd like to see something soft in coats."

"All right," said the clerk, moving out the looking-glass, "just put this on."

We wonder who likes toast on eggs? Ask C. W. Dyer.

Wanted—A few smarties to stir up excitement in room 50 Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays at 1:30.

He—"It makes me a better man every time I kiss you."

She—"Then you ought to be a saint by now."

Oliphant—"Have my seat, lady."

Lady—"O no! I have just been skating and am tired of sitting down."

Freshman—"Is there anything in the Millidek about me?"

Senior—"Yes."

Freshman—"Well, then I'll take one."

Thereis so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us. $\Delta\ \Theta\ \Psi$

"Oft in the stilly night."—Ray Oliphant.

Prexy in Chapel—"Walter Isaacs reports three books lost in the "corriptidor" yesterday."

"O how I love my uniform."—Dr. Meserve.

"My only books are woman's looks, and folly's all they taught me."—Mr. Corzine.

"A man of pencil, paper and paste."—Deac Young.

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B. F. STEARNS, MANAGER.

"He had the yearning looks of a genius who would like to trade a college education for something to eat."—Post.

"A most contagious jolly laugh."—Emily Powers.

"Of making many books there is no end, and study is a weariness to the flesh."—Mae Badenhausen.

President—"Where did Aristotle get his ideas?"
Miss Redmon—"Out of his head, I guess."

Mrs. Chambers does not see why a goat goes around a "'button."

F. Hunter—"Do you walk for pleasure?"
Mis Crea—"Yes, all the young men enjoy seeing me out."

Friend—"I like your picture, but I think your uncle doesn't look quite so red as you have painted him."
Impressionist Artist Isaacs—"Heavens man! that isn't my uncle—it's a sunset."

"Strawberries are 45 cents a basket."
"Please pass the prunes."

Georgie Donnelson—"Mr. Mills, some one started the story that I had a soft head; you don't believe there is anything in it, do you?"
Mr. Mills—"No, I don't think there is."

Beatty's drops which saved the day for the scrubs at Sullivan.

For Graduating and Summer Gowns

WHITE fabrics of filmy texture that add beauty to the summer show in lavish abundance are here for your selection. Newest novelties in Silk Mouseline de Soie, French Lawn, Paris Mouseline, Airline Cloth, Chiffon Organdie, Dotted Swiss, Embroidered Swiss, French Mull and Parisian Lawn await your pleasure. Japanese Silk in all widths, and beautiful white and cream evening Silks in Taffetas, Louisines, Bengalines and Peau de Cygues are specially low priced for graduating time.

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At all the leading confectioners and refreshment stands in the city are sold the excellent drinks manufactured and bottled by the

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Call for a bottle of Coca Cola.
It is delicious. Try it and be convinced.

SOME OF THEIR OTHER SOFT DRINKS ARE

Root Beer	Ironbrew	Ginger Ale
Raspberry Cream	Orange	Celery Cola

'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.—Edgar Auer.

Willie Wise—"Say Pop, are the Czar's kids Czardines?"

Pause between noises in the Art Room at 2:45. Thoughtful student—"Hurry up and start hammering; that vocalizing in the Orlandian hall hurts me."

Girl Student—"He is as aggressive as real life."
Another Girl Student—"How aggressive is that?"
Ans.—"Strenuous."

Student—"The Hamburger squinted."
Bonnie B.—"It must have been made of cross-eyed dog."

Darwin invented the struggle for existence; it is too bad he p'receeded Porter.

Prof. Kaeuper leaves note in office of the Music Department.
Miss B.—See me about PADS. H. H. K.

Dr. L. E. Coonradt
8:15 to 12:30
1:30 to 5:00

Dr. C. A. Study
8:15 to 11:30
12:30 to 5:00

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He—"Norman Sansom gave a monkey dinner the other night."

She—"Yes, I heard you dined with him."

ERRONEOUS IMPRESSION.

Visitor—"That girl must have an awful cold, just listen to her."

Witzemann—"That ain't no cold. That's Jeannette Troutman singing, practicing her trills."

Visitor—"Is that so? Why I thought she was gargling her throat."

Miss Armstrong—"What do you think of my new shirtwaist?"

Mr. Morgan—"Looks to me like another cotton scandal."

Miss Cockrell (to pupil in Civil Government class)—"What is the distinguishing feature of Texas?"

Bright Student—"Texas is celebrated for being the only one of the United States that is the largest."

It is noticed that whenever any of the ministerial Board of Control visits the University they take occasion to do some practice work on the students by giving vent to one of their long, long, oh so long prayers. And the students have no means of retaliation.

McDavid (to his new girl)—"Mary, I believe we have the next dance, haven't we?"

Miss Hostetler—"Wouldn't you just as soon call me 'dear' till we are better acquainted?"

"He ought to have had Jonah's Ark."—Mr. Bryant

DID YOU EVER NOTICE—

Bull's GREEN necktie;

That Dr. Woodruff walks like a jumping-jack;

That Mr. King was growing a mustache;

That Mr. Bryant always refers to how it was in Greece or Rome;

That Mr. Corzine always wears his hands in his pockets, or likes the name Bess.

'Tis true that she is much inclined to chin and talk with all mankind."—Mable Jones.

Prof. Stevenson—"Mr.————, what class of contracts (especially interesting to commercial men) does the statute of frauds require to be in writing?"

Mr. Corzine—"Marriage contracts."

An infinite deal of nothing.—J. B. Williamson.

A maignified clothes-pin—Shumway.

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Etc., Etc.

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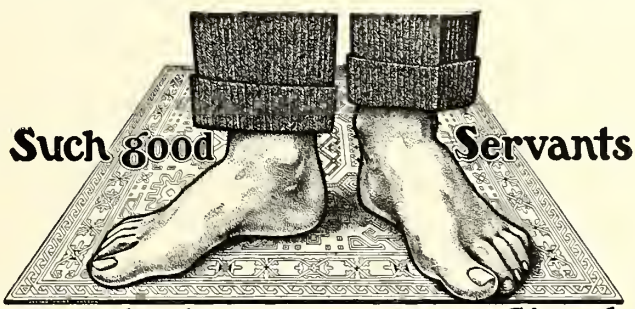

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139 North Water St.

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"Nobody asked me for a holiday." —Prexy

"I would my horse had the speed of your tongue and so good a continuer."—Florence Scott.

The cheerful idiot.—Corzine.

Let the gentleman do his own reciting.—Professor Stevenson.

PHRENOLOGIST, VOCABULARIST, SOCIOLOGIST, ANY-GIST.—Doran.

A sure cure for insomnia, is it not so? American History Class.

It took five men and Deac to move the piano.

The Oi Polli of them but not one of them.—John Byrne.

Advertising Bureau—A. E. Lindsay.

"Love me, love my goats."—Dr. Meserve.

I am so sorry she left the U. of I.—E. L. Auer.

Rhode Island and Texas.—Miss Bicknell and Miss Troutman.

Champion! She changes sides without losing a stroke.—Mae McReynolds.

Our nosey friend.—H. H. Kaeuper.

"Small things may with great compare."—Harry Humphrey.

"Which one am I."—Waldo or Imo Drake.

"Lead, kindly light."—DeForest Baird.

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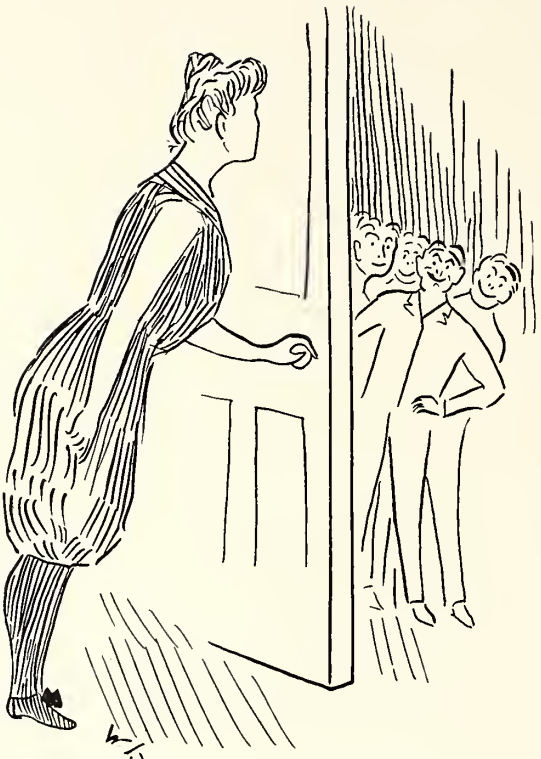

THE GYM GIRL'S TIMIDITY

"I can't always agree with my Profs., but there are some things for them to learn yet."
—Van Guilder.

"I have made my initial step at taking a girl."—Dr. Rogers.

A remarkably harmonious body—The Band.

We wonder if Kent and —————— caught cold sitting on the bleachers that cold day in March.

Varnum—"Madonner."

Meserve—"Idear."

"Have you seen Deac?"—Daisy P.

He buzzes like a peanut roaster.—Dr. Kellogg.

"I wonder where Daisy is?"—Deac Young.

"He is a little chimney, heated red hot in a moment."—H. K. Davenport.

Loafing place for Delta Theta Psi—Prexy's office.

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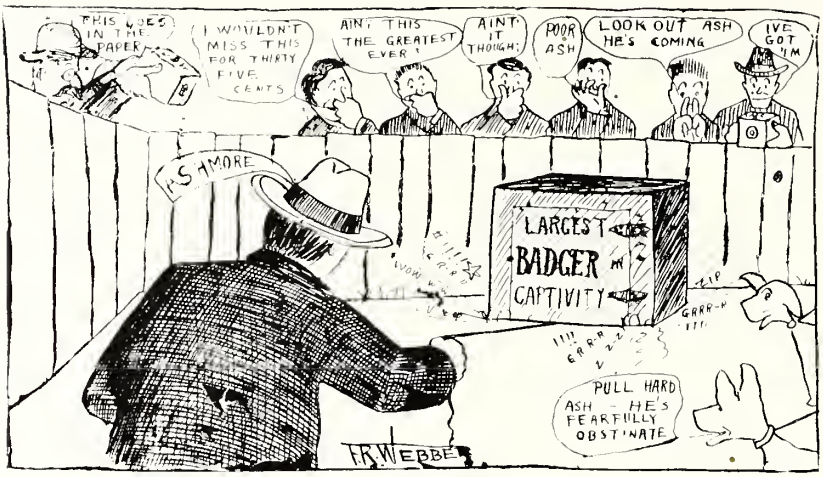

Inconsistency thy name is ———— Auer.

He looks as good natured as Mellin's Food baby.—Sam Bruce.

A being of extraordinary silence and reserve.—Charley Record.

The eight o'clock Domestic Science Class, in response to some slighting remarks on their cooking, said: "Any boy who can prove that our cakes are damaging to the health, will at once receive three of them gratis."

Never unprepared.—Jesse Corzine.

Always to excel and to be superior to others.—Trenna Miller's motto as one member of the Senior Class sees her.

Attracting all like a load-stone.—Dorthy Pyatt.

I dare not hope to please a Cinna's ear
Or sing what Varus might vouchsafe to hear;
Harsh are the sweetest lays that I can bring,
So screams a goose where swans melodious sing.
—John Wozencraft.

Everybody works but Mills, is it not so?

A harmless thunderbolt.—Prof. Stevenson.

Listen, look on, and hold your tongue.—Daisy Payne.

Mr. Padon (explaining to a girl how to do the "Dutch-roll")—"Now you start out with both feet in the air."

Johnnie Jones was saying the Lord's Prayer and was just starting "Give us this day our daily bread," when his little brother nudged him and said "Hit him for pie."

The Illustrations in this book are from
the studio of

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The Millidek Board is especially grateful to Professor Varnum, Misses Kirk and Baker and the students of the Art School for their invaluable assistance in the preparation of this College Annual.